SOCIETY AND THE HOMOSEXUAL

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The Acid Test for Mr. Eden

IN his negotiations with General Neguib, Mr. Eden faces a severe test of his capacity to assume the leadership of his party. He knows that the withdrawal of our vast army at Suez is as much in the interests of Britain as of Egypt. On this issue his military and diplomatic advisers are unanimous in the advice they proffer. Since the base is useless without Egyptian co-operation, and since the Treaty under which we hold it runs out in 1956, the base must either be dismantled within the next three years or be maintained on terms agreed with the Egyptians. Provided they can be assured that it will be adequately maintained in peace-time and available in case of war, even the Chiefs of Staff agree that high policy demands the ending of an occupation which, since 1945, has bedevilled our relationships with the Arab world. If Mr. Eden achieves such an agreement, he will not be scuttling out of our responsibilities in the Middle East. On the contrary, he will be doing the one thing which can enable us to regain our waning influence and prestige in that area.

What is strange at first sight is that this agreement is being held up by two differences on minor issues. The first is the precise definition of the circumstances entitling us to reoccupy the base; the second is whether the 3,000 British technicians should be in mufti or in British uniform. There is no reason to believe that the negotiators would have any difficulty in resolving either of these issues, and we must therefore conclude that the obstacle is in London. As Mr. Eden knows only too well, the Tory Party is still passionately opposed to any idea of withdrawal. First at the Conservative Party Conference in Margate, and then privately in the Parliamentary Foreign Affairs Committee, Mr. Julian Amery has threatened open revolt if Mr. Eden signs the agreement. Mr. Amery and those who support him are not worried about such details as the uniforms the technicians are to wear. They believe that the Foreign Secretary sold the pass when he conceded self-government to the Sudan. After being compelled to swallow this first betrayal they are not prepared to tolerate the withdrawal of all our armed forces from Suez in any conditions.

Mr. Eden is therefore faced with a very simple and very unpleasant decision. He can either reach agreement with Neguib in defiance of a powerful group of his backbenchers; or he must break off negotiations in defiance of all the advice of his military experts and diplomatic advisers. The one thing he cannot have on this occasion is the best of both worlds. Mr. Eden has the pleasant quality of wanting to be liked. But now, in order to do what he knows to be in the national interest, he must be prepared to face extreme unpopularity among most of his staunchest supporters. An agreement will be the signal, both in Parliament and in the Tory press, for a campaign directed personally against the Foreign Secretary. He will be accused of betraying the whole Imperial tradition of his party and surrendering the lifeline of Empire. His temptation will be to protract negotiations on the minor points still outstanding, in order to postpone the evil day. If he does this very much longer, he may not only jeopardise finally and disastrously Britain's whole position in the Middle East; he will fail in the cardinal test of statesmanship and will show himself unworthy of the leadership to which he has very long aspired

MID-AUTUMN BOOKS
This issue contains an enlarged Literary Section devoted to current publications

Great Britain and Gatt

The Gatt Conference finally reached two big decisions. It admitted Japan to the "on the threshold" membership to which the demand for full immediate participation had been reduced; and it granted the British claim to be allowed to put duties on certain foreign agricultural products of a seasonal type without imposing the same duties on Commonwealth products. Great Britain, together with Australia and New Zealand, fought hard to the end against Japan's admission, which was strongly pushed by the Americans and supported, under American pressure, by a large majority. In the form which it has finally taken, it allows Japan to enter into negotiations with such of the Gatt countries as are prepared to negotiate, and to receive and give concessions to which the "most favoured nation" terms will then apply. Countries which are not prepared to bargain on these terms are free not to do so; but Japan will be free to discriminate against them in return. The entire arrangement is temporary, as the whole Gatt structure is to come up for revision within a year or so, when the Americans, it is hoped, will have settled their future trade policy.

In the meantime, the existing tariff bargains stand renewed. On the preference issue, the British delegation got its way only after making promises not to increase imports from the Commonwealth at the expense of European exporters. As the main purpose of the British Government is to protect home farmers, and as hardly any of the products discussed at present come from Commonwealth sources, this was an easy promise to make; but it means that the use of the concession as the thin end of a Commonwealth preference wedge is effectively ruled out. As for Japan, the Government will now have to make up its mind whether to negotiate or to run the risk of Japanese discrimination against British exports. Australia and New Zealand will presumably be against negotiation; the Colonial peoples, if they were free to speak, would presumably be strongly in favour of it.

Plan for Disengagement

While Mr. Dulles continues to talk about American strength, and to preach the doctrine of "liberation," the Administration is projecting drastic cuts in its ground forces and the "conventional" weapons programme. The main reason for such reductions is budgetary. Once again, confusion about U.S. foreign policy springs from the fact that domestic pressure makes Mr. Dulles blow hot and, at the same time, the demand for economy makes the President blow cold. Despite the assurance of the Chiefs of Staff that the U.S. has no intention of "pulling out" of its European commitments, the Administration evidently intends to get its military Budget below thirty-five billion dollars.

It is argued in Washington that it is now possible to make such economies because atomic weapons can carry the main burden of defence. It is odd to find this argument adduced so soon after the discovery that, so far as the H-Bomb is concerned, the U.S.S.R is at least abreast of American technology. American disarmament after the war was covered by the atomic monopoly. When the Russians manufactured the A-Bomb, U.S. rearmament and the creation of Nato followed. It was accelerated after the Korean war started, not least because it was found that the A-Bomb was useless in the local engagements of the Cold War Great priority was then given to "conventional" rearmament and to the build-up of ground forces in Europe. Now "disengagement" is again the order of the day, although Soviet progress with the H-Bomb has once again destroyed the assumption of U.S. supremacy. The Budget wins.

The Administration now seems to be getting the worst of both worlds. If it wants to disengage, then it must understand that disengagement of ground troops without negotiation is reckless. If it wants "liberation" and no serious negotiations, then it cannot disengage without disrupting the Western alliance it has forcefully and laboriously created. It may still push through German rearmament, and offer guarantees of support if Communism breaches the American "security perimeter." In a period of atomic parity, however, America's allies are not likely to accept a provocative U.S. foreign policy coupled with the emasculation of the defensive strength in Europe required to support it.

Civilised Atomic Power

A new U.S. answer to the Soviet H-bomb is to be an electrical generator, powered by atomic energy, and capable of lighting a moderate-sized city. The Atomic Energy Commissioner, Mr. Thomas Murray, has made this statement in all seriousness. The Russians' announcement, he said, was less "dangerous" than if they had said that they were successfully operating a practical industrial nuclear power-plant, and offering foreign nations nuclear power technology in exchange for uranium and political agreements. His line of candid reasoning was that America was dependent on uranium sources outside the U.S., and those in turn were dependent on persuading other countries that the U.S. was offering not only military protection but industrial know-how which would provide such countries with the industrial energy of which they felt a desperate need. What he might have added is that the Americans, having lost the monopoly of the atomic bomb, also cannot afford to attempt the monopoly of peace-time applications. This would be equally illusory. After all, Britain has anticipated the American power-plant proposition, and work is now in hand at Calder Hall in Cumberland on a comparable generating-station. It would be naive to assume that the U.S.S.R. is not competent to do likewise and to give substance to the threat of which Mr. Murray is so afraid. He was right in saying that, in concentrating on the arms race, the Americans might be in danger of falling behind in the industrial applications. With abundant power sources of coal, oil and hydro-electricity in the hands of powerful interests, the U.S. Government has never backed enthusiastically any competitive source of electricity-generation.

The Guiana Crisis

The story of British Guiana has been continued during the week in both London and the Colony. Here Dr. Jagan and Mr. Burnham are setting out on their pilgrimage to rouse to their support the conscience or emotions of liberal England. Hard on their heels are Mr. John Carter, Chairman of the United Democratic Party, and Mr. W. O. A. Kendall, leader of the Opposition, whose line (apart from an almost frenetic dislike of anything to do with the P.P.P.) may be broadly interpreted as a proposition that, if the British Government and the World Bank are prepared between them to find some £20 million to develop Guiana, the U.D.P. is prepared on its side to "rehabilitate the economy of the country" and generally produce conditions attractive to investment. Dr. Jagan made a bad start by failing, at a preliminary meeting with the Labour Parliamentary leaders, to convince Mr. Attlee and Mr. Griffiths that he was not a Communist or a Communist-dupe. His reception amongst back-bench Labour M.P.s who follow colonial affairs, and among rank-and-file party members, has been, if not uncritical, a good deal more sympathetic and understanding. Meanwhile, in British Guiana the police have arrested seven of the P.P.P. leaders, including Mr. Sidney King, one of the deposed Ministers. No charge, however, which might justify Mr. Lyttelton's allegations of conspiracy to arson is apparently being preferred against them. Two have since been released, but Mr. King and four others are to be imprisoned indefinitely under the security regulations for carrying on strike agitation among the sugar workers. If Mr. Lyttelton goes on treating the P.P.P. as he has treated the African leaders in Kenya, he will find himself riding another tiger in Guiana.

Petrol Flows Again

The petrol drivers' strike ended suddenly at the week-end after the troops had been brought in to restore supplies. One gets the impression that the strikers, including their leaders, were rather overwhelmed by the success of their action in cutting a vital link in the economic chain, and realised the disparity between their real, but small-scale, grievances and the amount of dislocation they had caused. Far from the strike being the outcome of any "Communist plot," it seems to have arisen quite spontaneously, and to have flared up and spread because there exists a widespread exasperation with the union leadership and at the lumbering slowness of the machinery of negotiation. One is compelled to ask yet again whether the combination in a single union of a minority of comparatively alert and active transport workers and a large, heterogeneous mass of relatively inactive, unskilled workers from almost every type of occupation is not bound to lead to bureaucracy and to induce discontent among the more active sections—above all, when the union leadership is in the ambiguous position of practising wage-restraint without quite venturing to preach it. There is no doubt a strong case for wage-restraint in view of Great Britain's economic difficulties; but active trade unionists can hardly be expected to see it as long as their employers are allowed to make big profits and the balance is being tipped against the working-class consumers by doing away with subsidies and controls. Wage-restraint, in working-class eyes, is tolerable only if it is accompanied by real toughness in dealing with profit-makers and rich men generally. As long as it is practised to the accompaniment of more and more "rationing by the purse" there are bound to be revolts against it.

In the present case, the revolt was small and soon over. The busmen and other road transport workers could hardly be expected to come out in support of the strikers without advancing claims of their own; and for this they were clearly not ready—as some of them would undoubtedly have been had the affair been any sort of "plot." The broad conclusion, then, is that there is a lot of smouldering unrest under the apparently smooth surface of industrial relations, and widespread discontent with the present leadership of the unions, but that, in the absence of any rival leadership, all that happens is an occasional outburst which, though it is usually denounced as the doing of unscrupulous agitators, does in practice quite often help to get a real grievance attended to when there would otherwise be endless delays in dealing with it.

U.N. Witch Hunting

McCarthyism in the U.N. is coming up for debate in the General Assembly's 5th Committee. On the outcome will depend the fate of international civil servants. The new Secretary-General, Mr. Dag Hammarskjold, has an opportunity to undo the mischief created by Mr. Trygve Lie's pusillanimous subservience to American pressure. The dismissals, to which he acceded at the behest of the State Department, have been a costly business for the U.N. With few exceptions the Appeals Tribunal has awarded damages for wrongful dismissal, on grounds of political discrimination. Last week another 48,230 dollars (£17,000) was awarded by the Tribunal to four former members of the Secretariat. Mr. Hammarskjold will be buttressed in any stand which he takes by the findings of the Inquiry promoted by the Federation of International Civil Servants, representing the staffs of the United Nations and its specialised agencies. In this Inquiry, Senator Henri Rolin of Brussels University, former delegate to the League of Nations and the U.N., in consultation with Professors Tomasso Perassi of Rome and Charles Rousseau of Paris, has examined the legal status of U.N. staff-members. Their opinion is extremely critical of Mr. Trygve Lie, and sustains the right of any international civil servant to belong to a political party provided it is legal—as the C.P. still is in the U.S. The lawyers distinguish between the overriding loyalty of an international civil servant and a loyalty he feels in his private activities.

They examine the question whether so-called "subversive activities" justify dismissal, and say that none of the staff rules of any international organisation authorise the dismissal of a staff member suspected, but not found guilty, of either present or future disloyalty. No international civil servant is bound to obey summonses from national investigating bodies; nor is he under any obligation to appear as a witness in any foreign country. He has the right to claim privilege against self-incrimination under interrogation by a State authority, without thereby bringing himself under suspicion. Finally, the heads of international agencies should not automatically accept derogatory information about a candidate submitted by his Government, but should check it themselves.

United Steel Tactics

Socialists will do well to study the manner in which the Realisation Agency is offering to the public the Ordinary capital of the United Steel Companies: it is a useful reminder not to underrate the political astuteness of the Labour Party's enemies in the City. At a price of 25s. the £1 Ordinary shares should yield the investor a little more than 7 per cent., whereas the yield on the *Financial Times* Industrial Ordinary index is approximately 5½ per cent. Though the long-term outlook for steel profits in Western Europe may hold elements of uncertainty, United Steel earnings should be sufficient, for some time ahead, to cover a 9 per cent. dividend three times over. Why this generous yield? And why the additional attraction afforded by the fact that shares may be paid for by tendering certain Government stocks whose value is to be assessed at figures above the market level on the day the United Steel prospectus was published? Clearly the intention is not merely to ensure a resounding success for the issue—an aim for which preparations had already been made by the Bank Rate reduction—but also to get on to the shareholders' list as large a number as possible of "little men." When, in due course, a Labour Government proposes to renationalise—as is its declared intention—without extra compensation, the old story of "robbing widows and orphans" will be trotted out by the Tory Opposition. A very neat political manœuvre by Mr. Butler and his City friends.

Justice in Nyasaland

Events in Nyasaland have taken an astonishing turn. At the beginning of this month two of the leading members of the African Congress, Lawrence Mapemba and Hartwell Solomon, were arrested under the Penal Code on a charge of being in possession of a seditious publication. Whilst they were in prison awaiting trial, the Nyasaland Government issued a communiqué which was published in the *Nyasaland Times* on October 8. The whole object of this publication was clearly to persuade the rank-and-file members of Congress that they should not trust their leaders. Two passages from the document show the astounding attitude which the Government is taking to an organisation which it has itself recognised as representative of African opinion. The communiqué states: "The interesting thing is that so much money is being offered by someone to defend two of the chief Congress members. These two men are not ordinary small members who pay their shillings and go out and break the law when they are told. They are the ones who tell the small men to go out and get into trouble." And again: "Think about that, Congress looks after its chief members very well. It does all it can to see that they can try to avoid the penalty of their actions." It is not surprising that one of the accused men has taken out a writ alleging contempt of court; and it is reported that the Nyasaland Government has at least partly "withdrawn" its statement. This kind of official intervention in the affairs of a *bona fide* political organisation is in any case inexcusable.

PARIS

Postponing the Deluge

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The main conclusion to be derived from recent debates is that the Assembly is in no mood at present to turn M. Laniel out of office, and that the Government's policy is to secure a quiet life—at least until the presidential election—by being as many things as possible to all men. "After you, Claude," is the order of the day. Thus, on the issue of Indo-China, a sober discussion revealed unanimity that there must be a "settlement"; but though the idea of negotiating with Ho Chi Minh has now become more respectable, neither the Government nor its critics have yet got round to the formulation of any precise basis for an agreement. Similarly, the rural revolt has become part of "business adjourned." The debate on agricultural policy was desultory; and in the end, despite a surprising number of Radical defections, M. Laniel received a comfortable majority.

Meanwhile, the Monnet Plan Commission has sounded its annual tocsin. The Report for 1952 emphasises the rapidity with which the French economy is returning to the familiar pre-war pattern of industrial stagnation. Despite a continued rise in productive capacity, the curve of industrial production began to fall in the second half of 1952, and during the first six months of 1953 this fall continued at an annual rate of 5 per cent. During 1952, exports of food fell by 17 per cent., with a corresponding, though smaller, rise in imports.

Although this Report was available during the debate on agriculture, no reference to it was made in Ministerial speeches. In fact, the reforms proposed by the Government were concerned far more with short-term remedies (that is, providing markets for surplus production) than with urgently needed structural changes. There was no attempt to halt the growing disparity—to which the Report draws particular attention—between the advanced and the backward rural areas. On the contrary, the Government measures, based as they are on protectionism and subsidies, will inevitably reinforce the position of the inefficient producers and so hasten this trend. Moreover, neither the Ministerial speeches nor the Monnet Plan report made it clear how future investment in agriculture is to be financed. Up till now, nearly 50 per cent. has come from the State. In view of the Government's recent decision to finance the Plan entirely from non-budget sources, it is difficult to see how sufficient capital will be forthcoming to carry out the Plan's aims—above all in the backward areas. Since it was in precisely these areas that the recent agricultural discontent was most marked, it is bound to recur, and in an aggravated form. As usual, the Government has merely succeeded in postponing the day of reckoning.

And the famous *baisse Laniel*? Conceived in an atmosphere of crisis, nurtured amid growing scepticism, this never very healthy infant has now been allowed to die a natural death. As the debate on agriculture showed, the Government has not the slightest intention of antagonising the very classes—the surplus shopkeepers and tradesmen—on which its electoral margin depends. Indeed, right from the start, the project was treated with a notable lack of seriousness even in circles close to the Government. The French newsreel, for instance, illustrated it with a sequence, showing housewives shopping, which had, in fact, been taken at the time of the *baisse Pinay*, over a year ago. It is a measure of the indifference with which the French public regard all the doings of M. Laniel that hardly anyone noticed the trick.

Society and the Homosexual

THE ABOMINABLE CRIME

LIKE other normal men, I am instinctively repelled by everything connected with homosexuality; and, like other journalists, I avoid discussing it frankly. As for the Bench, its occupants are so afflicted with this distaste that they sometimes suggest—read the Judge in the Oscar Wilde case—that, with the possible exception of a murderer, a practising homosexual is the greatest of all criminals. So strong is the herd feeling against the "queer," that homosexuality—linked thus with bestiality—is an offence particularised with an adjectival condemnation. It is the "abominable crime," though the law does not stigmatise robbery with violence, rape or blackmail with any of the various adjectives that might suitably be attached to them. The truth is that we all find it difficult to imagine how any sane or decent human being can indulge in any form of sexual activity—sadism, inversion, or one of the innumerable forms of fetishism—that does not stimulate our own libidos. We are perhaps specially intolerant towards the homosexual because, as the psychologists tell us, there is unconsciously in all men and women, even the most heterosexual, some ingredient of suppressed homosexual feeling.

It may be some help in overcoming prejudice to discover how many distinguished and honoured names in our own day, and in the history of mankind, have found their affections centred on members of their own sex. We do not, for instance, throw away the works of Shakespeare in disgust because he addressed love songs to a male friend; we do not refuse to study Greek civilisation which was based on the acceptance of homosexuality, or fail to appreciate Plato's *Symposium* because the love which it discusses with such incomparable beauty is of man for man. This does not mean that homosexuality is in any way a good thing in twentieth-century society, but it does suggest that the public, the law and the magistrates have got the whole issue a little out of proportion.

First, we must try to distinguish between the offence itself and the secondary offences associated with it. Any society must adopt severe measures against the seduction or violation of youth, whether male or female. A child cannot be, in any true sense of the word, a consenting party. Its entire happiness and adult development may be warped or corrupted by sexual assault, or even by being submitted, at an early age, to sexual temptation by an older person. This has nothing to do with homosexuality as such; it is indeed an "abominable" crime that applies equally to either sex.

Again, soliciting and importuning are, in effect, forms of "insulting behaviour," public nuisances with which the police are necessarily concerned. All one need add here is that the homosexual in such matters is at a special disadvantage: he not only incurs the inevitable disapproval that our society attaches to incontinent behaviour, but he also is automatically guilty of proposing to commit a crime. Every night hundreds of lonely, lustful and idle men seek the company of female prostitutes; a homosexual who is similarly inclined cannot be eyed with the good-natured tolerance with which the police watch other Piccadilly prowlers.

This brings me to the central question. Is homosexuality between freely assenting adult persons in itself a social evil and, if so, is it an evil that can be usefully dealt with by the criminal law? I think that Mr. E. M. Forster's article states the truth: it is a social evil, but its bad effects are greatly aggravated by our stupid, savage and out-of-date criminal law.

Any discussion of the personal problems of the homosexual is immediately complicated by the effects of the legal and social penalties now attached to male inversion. That to be an invert is a personal misfortune is clear enough. Most people also feel that an increase of homosexuality is a sign of "decadence"; that, in a society that believes in itself, men and women should be willing to take on the responsibilities of family life. I believe they are right, even though they overlook the unknown proportion of men and women who remain bisexual in adult life; many of them are married and have children while still continuing to be attracted by their own sex. We know, too, that though there may be two per cent. of deep and incurable inverts (to take the figure given by Havelock Ellis), many potentially normal citizens never become sexually mature, because of associations they made in the phase of youthful sexual ambivalence. It is also true that, in some circles, homosexuality becomes a cult, with the consequence that some who could learn normal sex behaviour, allow themselves to be persuaded that they are incurable homosexuals. I should add that the individual homosexual, however high his intellectual attainments and personal character, is very seldom a satisfied human being. With rare exceptions, he remains either frustrated or insecure or more often both; he is apt to be more restless, more jealous, and to suffer from more conflict than normal people.

To these difficulties, which arise partly from his own psyche and the nature of his relationships, society adds incalculably by the threat of social ostracism or banishment (the usual police method of dealing with the well-to-do homosexual who becomes notorious) or, in the last resort, by condemning him to a long period of imprisonment. In consequence, the luckless male invert is, of all persons, the most subject to blackmail. He is, therefore, regarded, even when his capabilities are of a high order and his loyalty undoubted, as a "bad security risk." A further result of the present law is to turn homosexuals into a band of brothers who feel themselves persecuted by the rest of the world. They tend to become, as Mr. Priestley suggests in this issue, something like a secret society.

My conclusion from these facts is that everything possible should be done to minimise the social effect of homosexuality and its incidence in society, and that at present we maximise both. Certainly the segregation of the sexes in boarding schools seems designed to increase it; so, most obviously, does the absurdity of making the punishment for inversion a period in prison where, as all jail literature testifies, homosexuality naturally thrives in its most evil and intense form. What we can surely do is to recognise that the number of completely incurable homosexuals is small; that we should do our best to keep it as small as possible by a more sensible educational system, and by psychological treatment at an early stage for such homosexuals as may be aided by it; that the laws against soliciting and seducing should be separated in the public mind from those related to the sex of the offender; and that there should be no penalties attached to adult males consorting together who, in private, decide to live a homosexual life. Outside England, this is the usual legal situation in the civilised countries of the West, and homosexuality would, almost certainly, be less frequent and have less evil social consequences if it were the law here, too.

On one point, I disagree strongly with Mr. E. M. Forster. Public opinion has moved much in this matter in recent years; and I believe that there are many Members of Parliament who would be willing to sponsor a Bill making this change in the law. I hope that a majority in the House could be found to approve it.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A MAGISTRATE'S FIGURES

FROM time to time one sees a reference in the newspapers to a homosexual case. Two or three cases may be reported in a week, another week may pass without any mention and one is left with the vaguest idea as to how frequent such cases are.

That vagueness has now been dispersed. Last week a Police Court magistrate, a man of wide experience, was dealing with a case of importuning male persons, and he is reported as saying that in his court alone there were over six hundred such cases every year. The figure is so staggering that one suspects a press error, and quotes it subject to correction. But it was evidently large, for the magistrate was greatly concerned, and even expressed the wish that he could send all such offenders to prison. His figure seems to exclude graver charges; they have doubtless come before him, too, and they would further increase the total. And he does not say how many of the charges were brought as a result of a complaint to the police by the person importuned, and how many were the result of police observation. Here, also, figures would be interesting.

If six hundred cases, or a large number of cases, pass through a single police court in a year, what can the figures be for all England? Imagination fails and one is overwhelmed by disgust or by pity. It is terrifying to think of thousands of people—for they must run into thousands—going into the streets for a purpose which they know to be criminal, risking detection and punishment, endangering reputations and incomes and jobs—not to mention the dangers of blackmail. What on earth do they do it for? Some critics will denounce them as infamous. Others will jeer at them for being so daft. Neither criticism goes deep enough. They are impelled by something illogical, by an unusual but existent element in the human make-up. They constitute an extremely small item in society, but an item larger than has been hitherto supposed.

Suggestions for dealing with them, and with the problem generally, are propounded from time to time. Occasionally there is a purity campaign in the press, and a clean-up is eloquently demanded. But where are these people to be cleaned to? Difficulties always arise when we regard human beings as dirt. They can be pushed about from one place to another, but that is all. Prison—that facile solution—is not a remote magical enclave, as is sometimes supposed. Prison is a place, it is part of society, even when society ignores it, and people who are pushed into it exist just as much as if they had been pushed into the next parish or over the frontier. They can, of course, be pushed right out of the world. That certainly would clean them up, and that has in the past been tried. It is, however, unlikely that the death penalty for homosexuality will be re-established. Civilisation has in this direction become milder. Moreover, holocausts would have to be repeated for each generation periodically.

There is, of course, the remedy of medical treatment, the scope and the methods of which are still controversial. More satisfactory (if it could be achieved) would be an immediate change in the law. If homosexuality between men ceased to be *per se* criminal—it is not criminal between women—and if homosexual crimes were equated with heterosexual crimes and punished with equal but not with additional severity, much confusion and misery would be averted; there would be less public importuning and less blackmail. But it is unlikely that the law will be changed. Reformers are too optimistic here. In their zeal they do not consider the position of the average M.P., through whom the reform must take place. An M.P. may be sympathetic personally, but he has to face his constituency and justify his vote, and experience has shown how hostile an electorate can be to anything it considers sexually unusual. His enemies will denounce him, his friends will be afraid to defend him, and he may endanger his seat. Change in the law is unlikely until there is a change in public opinion; and this must happen very slowly, for the great majority of people are naturally repelled by the subject and do not want to have to think about it. Even when it does not revolt them it bores them.

Less social stigma under the existing law—that is all that can be hoped for at present; and there are some grounds for hope. Violent and vulgar denunciations do not work as they did, and are apt to recoil on the denouncer. There is more discussion, less emotion, fewer preconceptions. More laymen read modern psychology, which even when it does not satisfy raises salutary doubts. The stigma attaching to the homosexual is becoming more proportioned to the particular facts of each case. Some courts make increasing use of probation. As a contrast to the magistrate referred to above, one may quote the remarks of a judge, Mr. Justice Hallett. Speaking at about the same time as the magistrate, and dealing with an offence far more serious than importuning, the judge is reported as saying: "It will be a great joy to me and to other judges when some humane method for dealing with homosexual cases is devised, and when something more can be done than simply locking up the offenders." In such indications as these there is certainly ground for hope.

E. M. Forster

London Diary

After carefully reading the new daily *Recorder* (the first issue of which appeared last Tuesday) I recalled a remark which Lord Northcliffe made to Lord Cowdray, the great Mexican oil magnate, who bought the admirable little evening *Westminster Gazette* and killed it by turning it into a morning daily. Cowdray asked Northcliffe what he thought of his new paper. Northcliffe replied that every time he looked at it he was reminded of the sort of job that he (Northcliffe) would have made "laying oil pipes for the first time." Now I do not want to indulge in any such dirty cracks about the *Recorder*, but only to admit that I am baffled to explain why two such experienced old Fleet Street hands as W. J. Brittain and "Solly" Chandler should be responsible for a paper which has all the appearance of a local weekly in a country district. There must be some reason for the dull make-up, the lamentably bad balance of type and news presentation. Whatever these difficulties are, they will presumably be overcome. Perhaps the editors are handicapped by going to press at an early hour, and by having the paper edited, set and machined in different places (the actual machining is done by the *News Chronicle*). Certainly, even on the production side many changes will have to take place if the *Recorder* is to achieve its first aim of a 100,000 circulation confined more or less to London and the Home Counties, with the hope of ultimately gaining a national circulation of, say, a million—or even a half-million which Mr. Brittain says would pay—and thus becoming a rival to the highly professional *Daily Telegraph*. The organisation of distribution and circulation on national lines is a costly business—not to mention the immense expenditure which must be incurred on foreign correspondents and cable charges if the *Recorder* is to fulfil its promise to provide news "which cannot be obtained anywhere else." It may be that Lord Northcliffe was right after all, when on the same occasion thirty years ago he said it would take at least two million pounds to launch another national daily. Only the figure today would be much higher.

* * *

If the *Recorder's* make-up was a surprise, its contents were a very great disappointment. I was ready to welcome any successful invasion of the present close press ring, and I recalled with regret the old *Morning Post*, and wondered whether Mr. Brittain would give us the kind of brilliant hard-hitting, well-written stuff which Mr. Gwynne used to produce every morning. In fact, much of the matter in the *Recorder* is, so far, ludicrous in its triviality and, from the news point of view, dull and stale. The City comments are competent, and the Marquis of Donegal begins a weekly profile feature of reasonable reader interest. The paper offers prizes of two seats to the moon, and In both its first issues displays a high degree of interest in the Iberian Peninsula. That the Tories should be interested in Spain does not surprise me; it is baffling that anyone should think that Mr. George Bilainkin's pathetic interview with Dr. Salazar worthy of a "lead" position on the front page of a daily paper. Then, I asked myself, what is the new Tory philosophy? So far, the editorial answer is nothing at all. This is surely not doing the grand old party justice. Mr. Brittain will have to import a leader writer as well as correspondents and sub-editors.

* * *

I've always thought Hitler's watercolours went some way towards providing a dusty answer to those who extol the "visual arts" as a cure for delinquency, but the creative impulse is clearly a nicer one than the destructive. To change the latter into the former must always be sheer gain. At an exhibition called "Furniture To-day" in Whitechapel Art Gallery, the boys of the L.C.C. Approved School at Mayford, in Surrey, are displaying (until 4th December) some ultra-modern drawing-room furniture which they have made in a large Nissen hut at the school. It is all well enough designed and made, but what I found especially interesting is that it's the product of an unusual system of teaching, which not only treats the boys as more important than the furniture but regards artist's palette and carpenter's bench alike as means of expression. The art master and the woodwork master work together—in the same room, with the same boys. Whether or not this is a fortuitous effect of cramped space, one of its consequences is that a boy learns to see a furnished room as a whole thing, in which chairs and bookshelves harmonise with pictures, hangings, reading lamps and general décor. An important little impetus has been given to his mind. There seems to be no mention of "art therapy" or æsthetic experience: the masters don't even say that a boy's character is changed by the workshop—only that it sometimes changes *in* the workshop. Only fifty years ago these boys might have been breaking stones.

* * *

Five young people confidently asserted in my company the other day that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is a Biblical quotation; and they failed to say which book of the Bible they thought it was in or even to name more than half a dozen that it *could* be in. (I can't find any English use of the phrase earlier than Sterne's *Sentimental Journey.*) The next morning I read in my newspaper that the British Council of Churches is to sponsor the holding of "Bible Weeks" throughout the winter, to "recall Christians to the recognition that Bible reading is essential in the life of Discipleship." Modern preachers are said to be nonplussed by "the inability of their audiences to move with ease amidst the great Biblical words and the great stories of Scripture." (Catholic preachers, by the way, still seem to find this a positive advantage.) It will be interesting to see whether the Bible Weeks produce new plans for popularising the good book—it seems that the campaign is out to provoke or invite criticisms, and to use unaccustomed means of publicity. We may get a new Authorised Version in modern prose, a series of Bible films—and, inevitably I suppose, some further consideration as to the propriety of a Bible in strip cartoons. I've just been looking at a "comic" Bible (*Picture Stories from the Bible*, Bible Pictures, Inc., Ltd., Leicester) which wholeheartedly accepts the pictorial strip as the new format for Holy Writ. Adam has the face of Dan Dare, Eve wears a fig-leaf *bra*, the voice of

God, in corrugated lettering, appears in coloured balloons projected from many places at once.

* * *

We are, I suppose, at the end of this lovely golden autumn. But the sun was still warm on Sunday when I strolled back from the Tate Gallery through that almost hidden piece of the Embankment which is like a private garden of the House of Lords. In the corner, perched impossibly high, as if the Office of Works was determined that no one should discover that Rodin was a great sculptor, are The Three Burghers of Calais. Some American visitors, guide-books in hand, turned in from Millbank, looked for a moment, and turned away, talking about something else. Two brown, and one black dachshund were absurdly galloping about the grass; like clockwork toys they went a certain distance and then stopped with a jerk, waiting to go again when wound up by an invisible hand. A large middle-aged lady in a white coat walked up and down, keeping a maternal eye on their antics. Nearby stood a young mother, clapping her hands at a baby in a pram, while an ecstatic little girl played games with her father, who threw her up in his arms and chased her while she shrieked in mock alarm. Then the lady in white called in the dachshunds, and they all trotted off on leads like tugboats pulling a man-of-war. The little girl had a last romp on the ground with her father, and the family went off. The darkening sky, as I passed Westminster, was brushed with white, windy clouds, and sea-gulls were riding magnificently overhead. As I turned down at the Horse Guards, the air was loud with argument. The army of starlings was taking up its winter quarters. The National Liberal Club had already surrendered, Whitehall Court was besieged, and a regiment was prepared to occupy the Ministry of War.

CRITIC

KIND HEARTS AND DIVIDENDS

'Way down upon de old plantation,
    Cuttin' de cane,
Full employment leads to half-starvation,
    Dat's why de folks complain.
It don't mean Red Revolution,
    Strikin' for more pay,
But we don't need a Constitution—
    Dat's what de White folks say.

Down by de Demerara Ribber
    Sadly we wait—
White rulers jest talk on for ebber,
    Promisin' dat Welfare State.
We'm de Empire's orphan chillun
    In dis Empire slum—
O darkeys, tho' to wait we'm willin',
    Must we wait till Kingdom Come?

Dem pore, kind-hearted planter bosses,
    Workers can see,
Dey live like lords upon de losses
    of de sugar industry.
Tho' dey's doomed to money-makin',
    Dey's de workers' friends—
O darkeys, how dem hearts am breakin',
    Payin' out dem dividends!

Now welfare plans must be arrested—
    Progress is slow;
More capital must be invested—
    Gotta keep dem wages low!
We'm prayin' on de old plantation
    Jest for homes an' bread—
If White folks helps de population
    British Guiana ain't goin' Red—
No, Mistah Lyttelton, Suh, British Guiana won't
    go Red.

SAGITTARIUS

Ethics of Extermination

JUST twelve years ago—on October 25, 1941, to be precise—Dr. Hinrich Lohse, a small-town Nazi who had just been made Reichskommissar for the occupied Russian territories, under Alfred Rosenberg, received a letter from his Minister's office, which ran as follows:

> Herr Viktor Brack, *Oberdienstleiter* in the Fuhrer's Chancellery, is ready to collaborate in the installation of the necessary buildings and gas plants. He thinks it easier to construct the latter, of which we are short, on the spot. He would like to send his chemist, Kallmeyer, to Riga. . . . To judge from the actual situation, one need have no scruple in using Brack's method to liquidate Jews who are unsuitable for work. . . . On the other hand, Jews suitable for work will still be sent East to be attached to the Labour Service. Naturally, employable men and women must be separated from each other.

Now that he is living in retirement on a monthly pension of 263 Marks awarded him by the German Federal Republic, Dr. Lohse has the leisure to reflect on the consequences which flowed from this letter. I recommend him to spend part of his pension on purchasing *The Final Solution** by Gerald Reitlinger. To those of us not so intimately acquainted with the complexities of Nazi bureaucracy, the story of the gas chambers makes very difficult reading. But Dr. Lohse should feel thoroughly at home in it. And, if he wishes to check Mr. Reitlinger's facts, he has only to consult a few of his friends. Has he forgotten about "Deutschland III," the department of the German Foreign Office which co-ordinated genocide throughout Europe? He can drop a line to its chief, Dr. Rademacher, now living in the Argentine, or have a word with Herr von Grundherr, who twelve years ago was in charge of Scandinavian affairs during the Jewish deportations from Norway and Denmark and since then has served Dr. Adenauer as Ambassador in Athens. Is he in doubt about the precise role of the Ministry of the Interior? He can visit Franz Stuckart, the Secretary of State (released from prison in 1949). Has the helpfulness of the Reich Chancellery slipped his mind, when it transferred its Euthanasia experts to Dr. Lohse's territory for use in the extermination camps? Hans Lammers, its chief, is now out of prison and can refresh his memory. Is the issue the connection between his own Ministry and the S.S.? Lt.-Gen. Juettner, personal adjutant to Himmler, has just been denazified. Finally, what about "IVA 4b" (the bureaucratic hieroglyph which stood for the Jewish sub-section of the Religious Section of the Internal Division of the Gestapo)? True, Colonel Eichmann, who issued the orders for extermination, has gone underground, along with his No. 2, Captain Guenther. But Dr. Lohse can do without them; Dr. Gerhardt Peters, manager of the I.G. Farben affiliate which supplied the Zyklon B gas, is a free man and in business once again.

One of the most striking facts that Mr. Reitlinger has elicited by his years of scrupulous research is that nearly all the men engaged on the "Final Solution" are alive and free. Of those who actually committed murder or controlled the camps, a handful were tried and executed; the rest disappeared. But the Civil Servants and Army officers, who arranged the transport facilities, initialled minutes and passed them from one department to another, and the diplomats who delivered the instructions to the satellite Governments, are either back at their desks in Bonn or, like Dr. Lohse, in pensioned retirement. One of the conveniences of a totalitarian State is that no one, except the Leader himself, need feel personally responsible for any paper which crosses his desk. At Nuremberg, even Freiherr von Weizsaecker, Ribbentrop's Secretary of State, could claim that he was "merely acting as a postman" when he was shown his signature on the damning papers. To collect three million human beings, scattered all over Europe, into ghettoes; to transport them from these ghettoes hundreds, sometimes thousands, of miles; to sort them out and index them; and, after gassing them, to dispose of the corpses—all this demanded not only a gigantic organisation of its own, but the co-operation of every branch of the Army and the Civil Service. Yet, when it was over and the elaborately concealed facts had been revealed at Nuremberg and in the other trials, it became more and more difficult to nominate the real criminals. As Mr. Reitlinger observes, there is a nightmare quality about this picture of hundreds of respectable Germans, with their in-trays and out-trays all neat and tidy, each fixing his eyes on his own paper work and discreetly refusing to visualise what the end result of that paper work was:

> In each crematorium there were five three-door furnaces with mechanical stokers, ash tips, and corpse lifts, but in the two larger crematoria the gas chambers were on the same level as the furnaces to which the corpses were run on the rail-wagon. The underground gas chambers of the smaller crematoria were approached by a subway, gently graded, down which fathers of families pushed perambulators. The aspect of the buildings was not unfriendly, in spite of the chimneys, so ominously big for a mere bath house. The ground over the gassing cellar was converted into a well-kept lawn, in which stood at regular intervals mushroom-like concrete objects, and these, though they might not intrigue the newcomers very much, were the shafts down which, after methodically unscrewing the lids, the sanitary orderly was to scatter the amethyst-blue crystals when the Sergeant-Major gave the order. Slowly the gas escaped from the perforations in the sheet-metal columns. Generally the victims would be too tightly packed in to notice this at first, but at other times they would be few enough to sit in comfort, gazing up at the douches, from which no water came, or at the floor, which, strange to say, had no drainage runnels. Then they would feel the gas and crowd together away from the menacing columns and finally stampede towards the huge metal door with its little window, where they piled up in one blue clammy blood-spattered pyramid, clawing and mauling each other even in death. Twenty-five minutes later the "exhauster" electric pumps removed the gas-laden air, the great metal door slid open, and the men of the Jewish *Sonderkommando* entered, wearing gas masks and gum boots and carrying hoses, for their first task was to remove the blood and defecations before dragging the clawing dead apart with nooses and hooks, the prelude to the ghastly search for gold and the removal of the teeth and hair which were regarded by the Germans as strategic materials. Then the journey by lift or rail-wagon to the furnaces, the mill that ground the clinker to fine ash, and the lorry that scattered the ashes in the stream of the Sola.

Extermination was very rarely mentioned in the files. The two organisations, for instance, which first collected 60,000 aged and insane persons from the German public assistance institutions and the asylums and then gassed them in fourteen Euthanasia clinics were discreetly called the "Charitable Foundation for the Transportation of the Sick" and the "Charitable Foundation for Institutional Care." The code name for gassing Jews was *Sonderbehandlung*, and each trainload of victims destined for extermination at Auschwitz was preceded by a teletyped message from "IVA 4b," which read, "To be treated according to the directives for special treatment." The officials concerned knew what was happening but, since they did not know officially, their consciences are now clear. The only weighty objec-

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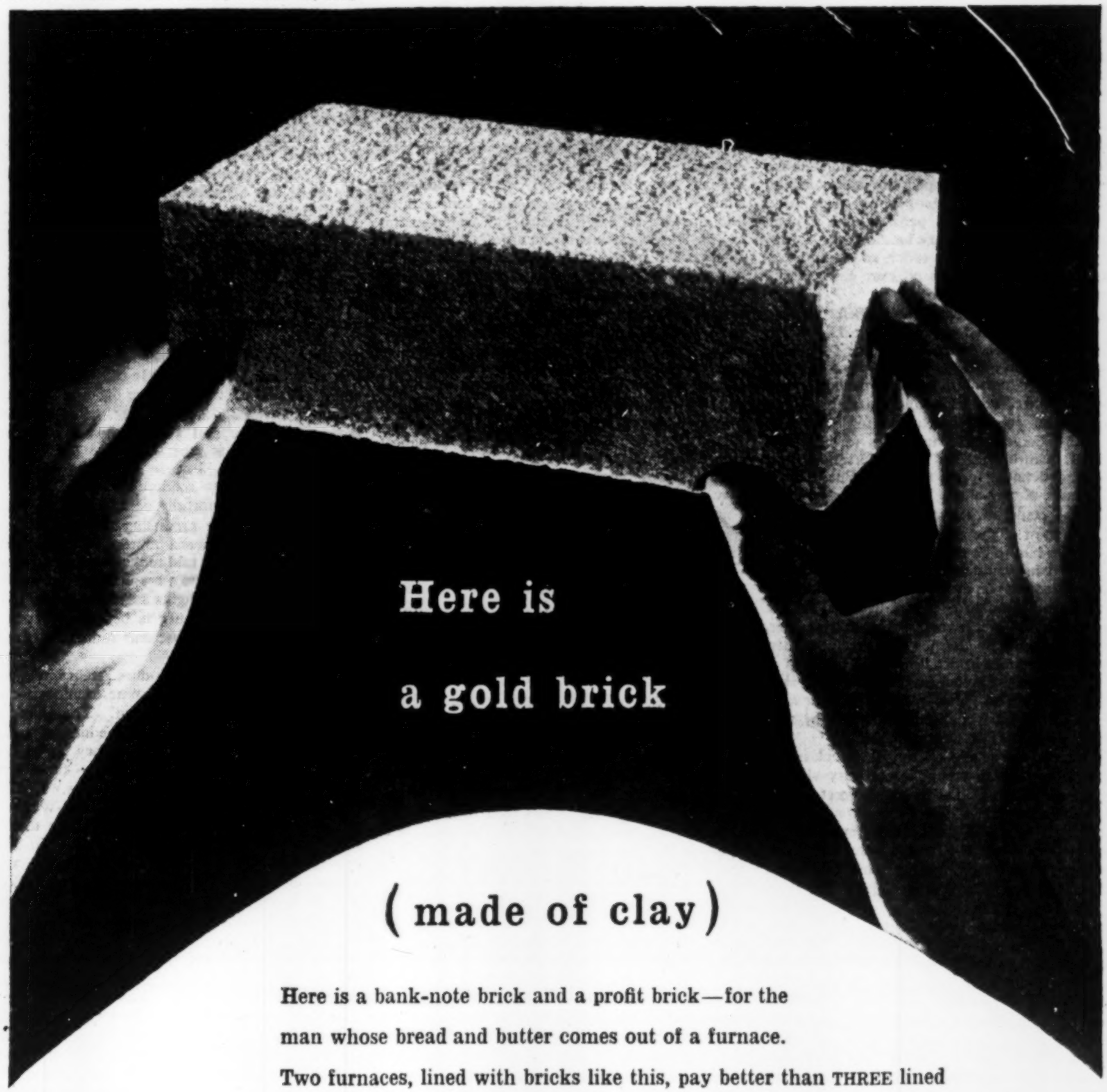
* *The Final Solution*. GERALD REITLINGER. *Vallentine, Mitchell*. 30s.



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tion came from the Wehrmacht Transport Command, which protested against the slowing up of military movements by the trainloads of useless Jews. Curiously enough the Vichy and the Fascist Governments also put up some resistance and successfully evaded Himmler's plan for exterminating their own nationals. But they made no protests against the gassing of foreign Jews within their borders. So, too, the Protestant and Catholic bishops in Germany stopped the mercy killing of Germans but did nothing about Auschwitz. Dr. Lohse can enjoy his pension with a good conscience, particularly since he *did* make at least one protest. If he were to suffer, so should thousands of other bureaucrats all over Europe who connived at the Final Solution.

But what of the Nazi leaders? Before I read Mr. Reitlinger, I had assumed that Hitler and Himmler were perverts with a taste for blood. Now I know that both were murderers by remote control. Hitler himself never went near an extermination centre, while Himmler, after a glimpse of one small pogrom in Russia, felt physically sick and ordered special measures to "heal the spiritual disturbance" of the unfortunate men who were detailed to do the job. But, despite treble rates of pay and a double brandy ration, "IVA 4b" could attract very few German volunteers. So most of the gassing and the disposal of the corpses had to be done either by soldiers and S.S. men who could not say "No" because of their bad records; or by Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Latvians and Rumanian Iron Guardists, with a long tradition of Jewish throat-cutting; or, horribly enough, by the Jews themselves. Mr. Reitlinger describes in detail how the selection of the victims and the actual extermination was skilfully devolved on Jewish *Sonderkommandos,* dressed in German policemen's uniform, who thereby gained a few weeks of life.

Of course, the whole operation was classified as "Secret," and that supplies an easy alibi to modern consciences. Those in the secret cannot tell what they know, while those outside are patriotically bound to turn a blind eye. Moreover, in the case of the "Final Solution," there was the further excuse of extreme confusion. Perhaps the most illuminating part of Mr. Reitlinger's book is his separation of the various strands which had to be woven together in order to produce Auschwitz. Hitler and Himmler started with the idea of expelling Jews from the Reich, if possible at a profit. In this way three birds could be killed with one stone: the Reich would be made Jew-free; the recipient countries would be poisoned by Jewish immigration; and Germany would earn some useful foreign exchange. To some extent this policy continued right up to the end. Throughout the war, rich Jews were purchasing visas and, even in the concentration camps, the S.S. were always open to business deals. As late as the autumn of 1944, the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee was offering Himmler fifteen million Swiss francs in exchange for the Hungarian Jews.

The second strand was the use of Jews for slave labour. Auschwitz was started as a camp to provide labour for a new I.G. synthetic rubber factory; and it was never clear, even to the S.S., whether this factory was a mere cover for extermination or a serious project. It seems to have been a matter of chance whether any particular trainload of Jews was destined for the gas chambers or the Buna plant. Moreover, throughout the war both the Wehrmacht and the Economic Ministry hoarded their skilled Jewish labour for arms production.

The third strand was extermination in the strict sense. This began in September, 1939, as Euthanasia; and up to 1941, when the German bishops stepped in, it was applied to the aged and insane inside Germany, irrespective of race. Then the Euthanasia teams were transferred to extermination proper, apparently in order to accelerate the process of making the Reich "Jew-free." Owing to the secrecy attached to it, this never replaced the other policies, but was superimposed upon them. Thereby a macabre confusion was created. At the most critical period of the Russian war, the transport system was overstrained by trainloads of Jews, being concentrated into ghettoes, shifted Eastwards for extermination or sent Westwards to arms factories. The muddle—intensified by the usual inter-departmental disputes—became sheer chaos when the Russian advance began and the Jews, who had been shifted Eastwards, had to be shifted Westwards again. It was now that Himmler and a number of his senior officers conceived the plan of keeping the gas chambers going, but simultaneously offering to save Jews from them—at a price. So the two strands—exploitation and extermination—crossed and recrossed right to the bitter end.

Unfortunately, Dr. Reitlinger's book is almost as confused and confusing as the events he describes. In order to sort his material out, I have had to read it three times, and even now I am not sure that I have got it right. But his main conclusion is clear enough. In the Third Reich, the unbridgeable chasm was not between the Germans and the Jews. The camps were a nether-world, where ordinary rules of social morality no longer applied. The victims themselves, in the battle for survival, became murderers, and the Germans sometimes became business partners or even protegés of their prisoners. The real division was between those who inhabited this sub-human jungle and the men, hundreds of miles away, who made the paper decisions which produced it. Surely these murderers by remote control were the true criminals?

Before we answer that question, it is as well to reflect on two things. Apart from half a dozen Nazi leaders, none of these accomplices took a clear-cut decision or saw the whole picture. The insane pattern of the "Final Solution" was woven on a vast bureaucratic loom. Can we indict its German shuttles, except for having connived years before at the crime of transforming a free society into a war machine where individual responsibility ceased to exist? My second question is this. Total war turns us all into voluntary totalitarians, and cuts off the men who plan and decide mass murder from the consequences of their plans. We are shocked by Dr. Lohse and his colleagues, who averted their eyes from the horrors of that "Final Solution" to which they consented. But what about the Englishmen and the Americans who coolly planned the death and mutilation of tens of thousands of people at Nagasaki? Let us grant that anti-Semitism is an anti-social attitude, which the Germans organised into mass murder. That is a clear crime. But the problem remains. If we condemn their mass murder, how do we defend our own? When is extermination by remote control justifiable and when is it a crime against humanity? Is the difference that Hitler killed Jews selectively, whereas civilised peoples are indiscriminate? Or that he did it on the ground, whereas we do it remotely from the air? Or is the justification that ours was an act of war against the enemy, whereas his was an act of policy against the citizens of his Reich? Or, finally, do we claim that the difference is one of motive: we exterminate in order to defend democracy, whereas he exterminated out of sheer lust for destruction? I wish I could feel certain.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

In McCarthy Country

As we flew up the West shore of Lake Michigan from Chicago, loose clouds hid now and then the ruffled blue carpet of water, the green and yellow fields stretching to the horizon; occasionally there was a plume of smoke rising from a small town with its stores and factories and parking lots. We came down in Milwaukee, a city of some 800,000 people, the largest in the State of Wisconsin. As the inhabitants are proud to tell you, it makes more beer than any other city in the world. Judging from the number of taverns, it seems to consume more.

On National Highway 57, about twenty miles north of Milwaukee, and eight miles from the lake shore, lies Cedarburg. It calls itself a city, and it does have a mayor, three big churches and a cinema for its 2,818 inhabitants. Buses handle those commuters and shoppers who have no car of their own to take them into Milwaukee. Cedarburg thrives, but in a rather parasitic fashion. It has two modern factories, both of which compete successfully on a small scale with larger combines, one producing aluminium castings, the other outboard motors. "That's all true," a tavern keeper told me, when I mentioned how well the local firms were doing, "but we're too close to the bright lights and mass production of Milwaukee. Cedarburg is becoming a place for people to eat breakfast and dinner, to sleep and make love."

Despite all this, the town does retain integrity. The baseball park lights up some evenings for a game with a neighbouring town. The chief of police sits alert in his car every Wednesday night to catch teen-age spectators as they leave the Stock Car Races trying to emulate—far above the speed limit—their dirt-track heroes. Cedarburg's houses, as in most small mid-Western towns, stand in lawns which sweep down to the streets unbroken by hedges or walls: in the drives, cars sit glittering. And despite the gradual destruction of the traditional insulation of these people, they remain a little suspicious of strangers. They rarely hear English accents.

Yet I could recount many striking gestures of kindness and friendship. For instance, one Friday night I took a Catholic friend to a little restaurant in Main Street, where both of us were practically unknown. We asked for fish and were told that fish was "off": there was nothing left but steak. Observing my friend's discomfiture, the proprietor, "Fizz" Uesling, a Catholic himself, pulled the keys of his car out of his pocket and said: "Go down to the hotel at Grafton, the shrimps are good there." When we arrived in Fizz's Ford, there were two martinis waiting. Fizz had phoned: the drinks were on him.

Walking down any county road you have only to look at the mail-boxes on the grass verge to gain an immediate insight into the racial make-up of Wisconsin. This farm, a Nowicki; the store at the crossroads, an O'Connor; the pastor of the church, a Mettlemann; the next white clapboard house, a Jacobsen—a vast hash of Germans and Poles, Irish and Scandinavians. Each year, assisted by their American relatives, new stock arrives from Europe. The husband of the girl who comes to clean the apartment once a week was a submariner on a U-boat until he was captured and sent to a camp in Scotland. Within a year of their arrival they have paid off the thousand dollar loan from their uncle which brought them over; in another year they will have made the down-payment on a house and car.

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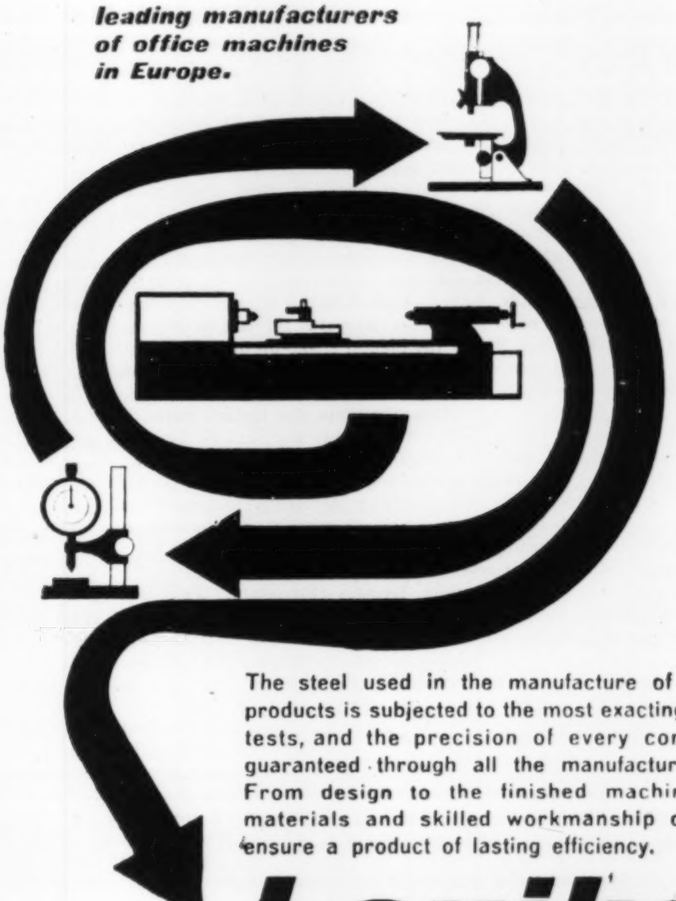

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The determination to win things never enjoyed before is admirable ; yet all too quickly they are involved in a desperate race to beat the American System—this year's television set, next year's car, the payment to be made on the washing machine before next Friday's pay-packet—a system which leaves one, winner or loser, confusing the material means to a more pleasant life with an ultimate end. Everywhere in Wisconsin—Milwaukee or Cedarburg—you find the same excluding ambition for a material Utopia, here and now. Yet often, in the past few months, I have wondered how real this wealth is. It was an old farm hand who said to me : "There are nine meals between orderly government and anarchy." Talking to doctors, mechanics and business men, I have heard, again and again : "We're on thin ice ; a slump to-morrow and all this would be back on the shelf."

It is an appreciation of this ever-present threat which constitutes the greatest, if latent, factor in the emotional climate of Wisconsin. The need is for security, for fixed questions with fixed responses, for the elimination of social, financial, and political risk. Thus Communism has been presented to the emotions of Wisconsin in a far more tangible shape than Nazism or German imperialism. This is something which hits home : the ordinary man—and there is such a genus in Wisconsin—understands Communism's intimate if antithetical relationship to his way of life. When he realises it also as an immediate enemy, not only in terms of military warfare, but in real and unreal terms of spies, fellow-travellers and intellectuals (the words become synonymous in his mind), every grain of patriotism is aroused : "We've gotta save America from these so-and-so's."

Last autumn, in Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, a reporter from a local paper made a plain copy of the Declaration of Independence. He walked the streets and asked people to read the paper, suggesting that they might sign it if they endorsed its views. He talked with 112 persons. One man signed it. The other one hundred and eleven thought the document too radical ; some even expressed the opinion that the Declaration was Communist-inspired, and that the reporter was a fellow-traveller. It is in this climate that McCarthyism has grown—an attitude not to be confused with old-style, mid-Western isolationism. I have met men here who are very much in favour of aid to Europe, and have voted for McCarthy simply on the basis of his "fight" against Communism. They realise that the U.S. is a part of the world as she has never been before ; that it's a short plane-ride now across the Arctic to or from Russia. This proximity itself intensifies their fear of Communist infiltration : they will tell you that an active conspiracy extends through every organ of government ; and that Roosevelt opened the doors to Communists who are still there, working for the overthrow of "our democratic way of life."

The curator of a department in the Milwaukee Museum told me that, if there were an election to-morrow he would vote for McCarthy : the junior Senator from Wisconsin, he explained, was a knight—admittedly slightly full of his own importance—who was valiantly waging a crusade. Not a Galahad perhaps, but a Lancelot. And that is how two-thirds of the Wisconsin voting public conceive of their hero. They grant him no knightly manners. On the contrary, they will tell you that he is uncouth on occasion. What matter, if their knight-Senator is chasing the dragons and evil spirits that lurk in every corner of the Government of the Republic ? When I said : "But don't you think McCarthy's methods are destructive of the very things you hold precious in the U.S. ? Aren't they the methods of Communism itself ?" I was told, with the shrug of pretended ignorance of anything that smacks of idealism, democratic or otherwise, "Maybe, but Joe's doing a good job."

There isn't very much more you can say to that. I know, for I have talked on for hours about the Lustron deal which put $10,000 into McCarthy's account and about the loan from the Appleton State Bank which exceeded by $69,000 the bank's statutory loan limitation under Wisconsin State law. The report of the Senate sub-committee which investigated the financial transactions of the Senator was forwarded last December to the Department of Justice for further study. Up till now, despite Attorney-General Brownell's claim that the Justice Department, "after the biggest shake-up in its history," is now operating efficiently and is right on top of its job, nothing more has been heard of the report, or of the questions that needed answers, such as : "Whether funds supplied to Senator McCarthy to fight Communism or for other specific purposes were diverted to his own use ?" or "Whether Senator McCarthy's activities on behalf of certain special interest groups, such as housing, sugar and China, were motivated by self-interest ?" And so on.

This autumn, farmers throughout Wisconsin have been harvesting their corn. Most of them will store it in tall cylindrical silos as fodder for their cattle. Unlike the States just to the South, which are properly "the corn belt," Wisconsin is a dairy State. That's the motto on the licence plates of every Wisconsin car. In drug stores and small eating places you see little placards : "I like milk, and I like butter." The sale of margarine is prohibited. Most of their lives, these farmers exist in a world which is bounded by weekly visits to a nearby town for supplies and a visit to the movie and tavern. Perhaps a couple of times a year they will get to Milwaukee, for the State Fair or for agricultural equipment. Despite the passage of time, they are still in most essentials the mentally in-bred people Sinclair Lewis portrayed in Main Street. A Clark County farmer summed up the whole disorder of McCarthy Country for me when he said : "You can't have a little bit of freedom—it's whole hog or none." I wondered, as he would have wondered if he'd given it thought, just what those words meant.

ANTHONY BAILEY

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Author writing on reincarnation invites letters from those with personal experience of same.—Advert. in *Daily Telegraph*. (F. J. Hallett.)

Fifty-four of the 88 applicants for four-bedroomed houses were also "sub-standard." "If you have got to house this kind of person you have got to build slums," Coun. Henderson stated.—Report in *Newcastle Evening Chronicle*. (L. Leveson.)

Mr. Homewood read the part of "Professor Higgins," the insentitive and childish expert of the art of speech, with plenty of verve and bite. His only "prop" was a whistle which he blew with much vehemence so as to drown that rather strong swear word which G.B.S. found it necessary to put into the mouths of his characters.—*Herts Advertiser*. (W. J. Seymour.)

When I was shown a snapshot of a white wedding I remarked how very nice the young bridesmaids looked. I was told later that they were the bride's illegitimate children.—*Daily Mirror*. (A. G. Semple.)

Thoughts in the Wilderness

BLOCK THINKING

MY children being too old for such things, my grandchildren still too young, I do not know if they still exist; but there used to be offered in the toyshops sheets of cardboard to which were fixed the miniature outfits of bus conductors, soldiers, cowboys, and so forth. A small boy presented with one of these outfits could at once transform himself to his own deep satisfaction, into the fascinating figure of his daydreams. All you had to do was put on the hat, take the gun, the whistle, the badge : there you were, completely outfitted.

Now it seems to me that during the last twenty years there has been a great deal of this Complete Outfitting far away from toyshops, in the world of our beliefs and opinions. It might also be called Block Thinking. Neat sets of beliefs and opinions are fastened together; and you are expected to take the lot. Either live in one Block or go and find a room in the next Block. Stay in the street outside, and you will be sniped at from all the windows. A Completely Outfitted man, a good Block Thinker, would rather have a fellow from the other Block, properly Outfitted, than tolerate a ditherer without a Block and Outfit. Let him shuffle off to the wilderness where he belongs !

I remember the hours I spent in the 'Thirties arguing with people who thought they were much cleverer than I was. (I am not very clever, but a bit cleverer than I look, like many seemingly gormless West Riding men.) They would try to prove to me that I had no choice except between Fascism and Communism. Your money or your life? Black or Red? So they were joining the C.P.; and most of them since have written long articles and books—and not done badly out of them—explaining that when they were Communists they were not really Communists. It all seems sadly out of date now, of course, but the attitude of mind is still with us, the Blocks and Outfits still in fashion. Probably the same people, grown no wiser, have the same contempt for my lack of insight and decision now that they had then. What Block are you in? Where is your Outfit? Bah !

Let us say, for example, that you believe that when the men responsible for atom bombs and other horrors solemnly warn their audiences, composed of people who never asked for any of this, that they live in a perilous age, those audiences should throw their chairs at the platform, to show what they think of such impudence. Write something to this effect, perhaps omitting the chair-throwing but making your protest, and immediately messages arrive from the Pacifist Block, telling you that you only need more courage and consistency to be entitled to wear the Outfit. Yet you may be anything but a turner of cheeks. You may believe in the most murderous direct defence of your own homes and persons, with pistols and lead pipes for men, sharp knives for the girls, holding that if the other fellows do not want to be killed, they should not obey orders to leave their own homes and ruin other people's. You may believe, as I do, that if the citizens of Great Powers were more sharply militant, less like sheep, then States would soon be less like wolves.

Again, your attitude towards Science may be ambivalent, as mine is. You may be profoundly sceptical about scientific humanism and its air-conditioned cybernetics utopia round the corner.

THIS AUTUMN AND WINTER

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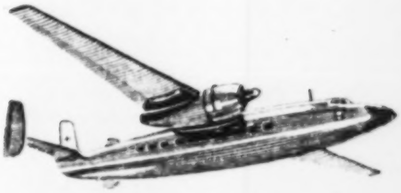

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You may feel that pseudo-scientific thought about man and the universe, sinking into the popular mind, has done much to create a mood of despair, making men feel homeless exiles, caught in a blind machine. You may take a sour view of recent contributions of nuclear physics to human progress, and discover in its professors a certain irresponsibility. But if you say these things in print, there arrives a triumphant messenger from the Catholic Block, crying "What did we tell you? Now admit, you are one of us." Whereas you may be not one of them at all, may feel entitled to be as sceptical about the Pope and the priests as you are about the British Association. A man may think that scientists should make narrower claims and take longer-term views and yet not want to climb on to the Angst-wagon of Original Sin and Guilt and Sex-lit-with-Hellfire.

This brings a loud cheer from the Rationalist Block. But it does not follow that you can join it. The accommodation it offers may seem much too small. For though you may not believe, with the Black gang, that man reached his noblest height in the thirteenth century and that the Renaissance was a blot on our history, you may yet hold that men need some form of religion, and that it is our misfortune if we find ourselves without one, among a litter of symbols that have lost their magic. You may know, as I do, men and women who never enter a church to worship there, yet seem more deeply possessed by genuine religious feeling than most of the ecclesiastical propagandists, hellfire novelists, cold and cautious advocates of a Christian Society without faith, hope or charity.

It is true that if a writer does not belong to a Block, goes about without a Complete Outfit, he suffers from many disadvantages. He has to think for himself, and thus may appear slow-witted as well as vague and "woolly." (You are always "woolly" if you have no Outfit.) He has no access to a Block list of witty retorts and crushing counter-arguments. He may still be groping and fumbling about while his Outfitted opponent has whipped out the cowboy gun, the bus-conductor's bell, the policeman's whistle. A sound Block man has more respect for a fellow from the opposite Block than he has for woolly ditherers, and nine times out of ten would rather leave one Block for another than stay outside in the rain. Once they have worn a Complete Outfit, most men feel naked without one.

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What is most important, however, is that a writer solidly established in a Block can count on its support. At a time when critical standards are uncertain, when independent judgment is fast disappearing, when the prizes are few and so increasingly valuable, this Block support is almost worth a goldmine. Thus, there are some aesthetic enterprises that are hardly likely to succeed without some assistance from the Inverts' Block—called by a sardonic friend of mine "the Girls' Friendly Society"—which enthusiastically gives its praise and patronage to whatever is decorative, "amusing," "good theatre," witty in the right way, and likely to make heterosexual relationships look ridiculous: all of which is probably the stiff price we are paying in London for our stupid laws against inversion.

Clearly nothing can be achieved in politics without a Block. Even those of us who mistrust Block thinking, Complete Outfits on cards, would have to form some sort of Block to assert our essential liberalism. (Though guerrillas have been known to succeed against regular armies.) Where I disagree with many of my correspondents is in believing that a man is not necessarily useless just because he remains outside the Blocks. Many of us feel that this is a time when it is better to be "woolly" than Completely Outfitted. For men are in despair. Most people who join the Blocks, accepting with relief some ready-made system, do it out of despair. That is why they are so often angry and intolerant, having arrived at their decision not by way of hope and love but through despair and terror. You can smell all this in the very air of our time: we seem to live among savage rats and screaming mice. We are in despair because we begin to feel that our problems are beyond our solution, our dilemmas intolerable. But the worst way out of this situation may be to hurry to the nearest Block and to man the guns there. This will settle nothing except perhaps the hash of Western Man.

We must think, and think in a fresh, creative fashion. One glimmering of a new idea, in our situation, is worth all the blaze and fury of the Block systems, with their propaganda and anathemas. For, as possible solutions, not as power systems, they are all out of date. The Outfit is Complete just because it is done with. Every Block known to me is old-fashioned, like all fortresses. Every man who joins one, proudly accepting its logic and consistency, has really stopped trying to shape the future. It is he, and not the vague woollies outside, who has given it up as a hopeless job. For example, what is the world's Number One Problem? Not one Block will give the right answer. Yet there it is glaring at us: "What can we do now that will prevent our great-grandchildren from eating one another?" But perhaps here I do some of the Block systems an injustice; for at least they are working hard to prevent our having any great-grandchildren.

Our remote ancestors, we are told, were not impressive creatures, they cut a poor figure among the great beasts of the forest; they had no huge claws and teeth, no scaly armour, no wings, no great turn of speed, not even the power of rapid reproduction: all the odds seemed heavily against them. But they had one miraculous trick—they could adapt themselves to make the best of changing conditions; they were flexible and experimental. And now that we have conquered—and nearly ruined—the earth, now when we ourselves change our conditions often at appalling speed and almost blindly, we are in sore need of all the adaptability our species can still discover in itself. We must think freshly, think fast, improvise, experiment, and be tolerant of one another's mistakes. Despair and hate are not going to help us. And neither, I fancy, is Block thinking.

J. B. Priestley

Platform Party

Campbeltown was full of excitements, an extra plane, a funeral, a great hire of buses, a tup and lamb sale. I dragged myself away from this, leaving Lachlan to bid for half a load of wedders, and boarded one of the bus fleet, full of everyone who was anyone—all the Town Councillors and ex-Town Councillors, County and District Councillors, all the officials, all those with whom one sits on committees and their wives with them, as dreary a collection of hats as you ever saw. In a community the size of our's we all know one another, indeed yes: we know one another's virtues, and O how well we know one another's vices, filling up from the imagination if any wee bit of evidence is missing. We edged through the buses, eyeing one another and wondering how in all the world this one should sit next to that one, considering what would be said, and has he no shame?

This was no merely local occasion, and indeed we had all received magnificently, almost regally embossed cards. We were off to see the opening of the Lussa Hydro Electric scheme. Of course, this was only the official opening; for eighteen months we have been enjoying Hydro Board electricity. Oil lamps are unsaleable; we have forgotten the smell of polish and paraffin; there are no more candle drips on the stairs and I am sure the ghost population is considerably reduced. Unregretfully I had said good-bye to my engine which used to produce a few wobbly volts for the house, but went wrong, towards the end, at least twice a week; when I have nightmares about it now I can wake up and switch on the light. Every house in the village is on; the farms use new electric gadgets; and innocent fishermen have been seduced into buying sham log fires and pink plastic lamp shades.

The buses turned off the east road and up Glen Lussa. It is my own electoral division and I feel maternal towards it. Nice to see the foundations of the four new Council houses and thank goodness the glen road isn't my responsibility. Higher up the glen the silvery great pipes came wriggling round the bends like a rather unusual type of burrowing dragon. The power-house, roughcast and stone, is a handsome building which fits beautifully into the greys and browns of the glen. I thought of my poor Council houses, economy-axed into flimsy little boxes. And again, of the remarkable ugliness of Scottish seaside resorts. Praise be for Hydro-Board architects! The approach to the power-house was, however, somewhat surprisingly bordered with pink and mauve primulas and coleus plants. Inside it was light and pleasant and the generators and switchboards fashionable in grey and dark red with pale blue trimmings. They had all the functionalism which is so satisfying to us moderns, but all tastes were catered for by draping them here and there with fuchsias and trailing smilax. Which were ever so pretty.

We sat and gossiped for some time. The local farmers were there in Sunday suits but uncompromising boots. Those who wear the kilt proclaim themselves as being one social stage up, an odd thing when one remembers that the kilt used to be worn by the poor and oppressed. To wear a kilt and carry a cromag is definitely one-uppish and few of the decorative cromags are much use as real shepherd's crooks. I had one once, but the handle broke on the horn of a ewe I'd hooked. Then the Platform Party turned up and for forty minutes there were speeches. I was wondering how the lamb prices had been and I also wondered if these occasions were exactly the same in Soviet Russia, where water power is as important as it is for us in the Highlands. There would at least have been some genuine Stakhanovites and the respectable element would have been, wouldn't it, a bit less confident, after Councillor X and our highly respected fellow citizen Mr. Y had been sent to dig a canal between Forth and Clyde. Or rather to re-dig the present one which sorely needs it. And they would have red cannas instead of mauve primulas. But now the generator was turned on; the soft giant noise drowned us.

We had all of us noticed, on going in, a promising marquee, and there we all flocked, saying to one another how *sincere* the speeches had been. I suppose brilliant oratory is really very undemocratic and might draw us towards the *Führerprinzip.* All the best people plumped themselves down in front of the food and were promptly given tea. I am not a passionate tea-drinker and hesitated; my reward was Platform Party champagne, quite a surprise after so much talk about water. Then there was great gossip, and the generator purring itself along and the current flowing out and everyone taking it for granted and ready to grumble passionately if the least thing goes wrong. When we re-embussed the atmosphere was vastly mellower; we slapped one another on the back. Temporary reconciliations took place across the aisle of the bus; a snatch of song appeared here and there, to be hastily shushed down in the interests of respectability. At the foot of the glen road the bus stopped for me to get out. And there—look!—was the lorry with my wedder lambs looking out from between the bars with their dirty fleeces and little black noses like so many common, ordinary people who had not been sent an invitation by the Hydro Board, who had never been among a Platform Party.

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Wardrobe

THE travel agency for which I worked had sent me to arrange some business in Barcelona. I stayed in a small hotel, near the Ramblas, called the Cuba. It was an odd place, full of chandeliers —there was even one in the lift—and mirrors and tasselled cushions and improbable furniture. " Like London, yes ? " the proprietor had said when I had first signed my name in the book. He seemed attached to the idea, particularly as he had numbers of English clients, middle-aged and all looking mostly alike, who mainly came from the Midlands. " How you like Barcelona ? " the proprietor would ask them. " Champion," they would all reply. If it hadn't been for the chandeliers and a man whom nobody could stop singing in the kitchen, it might have been Leeds.

One of these tourists was a man called Bronson. His home was near Manchester, and he proudly showed me snaps of his wife, kids and dog. " The truth is," he said, " I'm on my own, like. Having a bit of a change. Life in the old dog yet." He nudged me in the arm and winked. " I see," I said. As a courier, I had handled hundreds of men like this. Sooner or later, in a museum, a crypt, a cathedral, they would come up to me and say " I expect you know all about the night-life here, eh ? " and bring out their wallets. " I expect you know all about Barcelona," said Bronson. " A bit," I said. " I'll bet you do," said Bronson with meaning. " We ought to go out one evening. What about it ? " So I took him around the Chinese quarter (where there are no Chinese), which sucks you down into the vortex of its squalid poetry. Then we went to various cabarets, ending up at the Bagdad, where we sat in the open air, under the stars, and watched dancing. It was derelict, tatty, and occasionally electric with beauty. Spain shambles through history, but can reach up and touch the sky.

Next morning, I met Bronson having coffee and rolls. He didn't look very well. " I had a bad night," he said, picking up his cup with a trembling hand. " What was wrong ? " I asked. " Something odd in my room," he said ; " it was a creaking noise. Just before getting into bed, I was pouring myself a little nightcap of brandy. Immediately this thing started creaking".

" What thing ? " I asked.

" I'll get to that," said Bronson. " It went on creaking, rustling and sighing for quite a time. So I got out of bed, and hunted round the room. Eventually I found out what it was. It was a wardrobe."

" A wardrobe ? " I said.

" A wardrobe. A plain, harmless-looking wardrobe. I stood looking at it while it creaked at me. I was dead scared, and started to sweat. *There was obviously something inside it.* I took

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another swig of brandy and it began making a noise like sobbing. I opened the wardrobe door ; there was nothing there except a few shirts. I got back to bed, but I couldn't sleep. I was waiting for the bloody thing to start again. Eventually I got out of bed and poured myself a drink of water. Almost at once the wardrobe started purring like a cat. It was purring this morning when I woke up. Gently."

"I see," I said, looking at Bronson carefully. He didn't look the sort of man who would get wardrobes to purr at him. "Have you ever had this trouble with wardrobes before ?" I asked him as casually as possible.

"Look here," said Bronson angrily. "I'm not the sort of man who imagines things. I'm a hard-headed business man. I'm in good health, and there's no insanity in the family—yet. There is a wardrobe in my room and it's got a down on me." "But why ?" I asked. "Don't ask me why," cried Bronson. "How on earth could I know why a wardrobe has a down on me ?" "You could change your room," I said. "I refuse to be made a fool of by a bloody Spanish wardrobe," shouted Bronson angrily.

I didn't see Bronson all that day. I was busy, and when I got back to the hotel I was late for dinner : Bronson had already eaten and gone out. But next morning, I was down to breakfast before Bronson and decided to wait for him. Eventually he appeared. His eyes were slightly bloodshot and he hadn't shaved. "I'm getting scared," he said, pouring out the coffee. "The bloody thing moved last night. *Moved.* Mind you, I'd been waiting for something like that. I had it in mind all of yesterday. I had a rotten day, I can tell you. This wardrobe has ruined my holiday. Wherever I went, I thought to myself, 'It's waiting for you.' So I stoked myself up with a bit of booze in the evening and brought back a bottle to the room and sat in front of the wardrobe and put a few back. 'So much for you,' I said to it, and it started chattering at me. A sort of hollow chattering. I started to swear at it then. I said everything I could think of. And it began moving. *Moving.*"

"What did you do ?" I asked.

"I hit it," said Bronson. "It made a terrible sound like whimpering. Listen, Carson, I haven't prayed since I was a kid. I'm not that sort. I don't say I don't believe in it, but I don't do it. But I did then. A sobbing, whimpering wardrobe, I mean. I prayed for quite a bit, and it quietened down and just breathed. But I've had enough. I'm going home. I'm leaving tomorrow, but I'm not going to spend tonight alone."

"Could I see this wardrobe myself ?" I asked him. "Certainly," he said. "Come along. I'd like you to meet it." He led me upstairs to the third floor. His room number was 110. He opened the door and pointed dramatically to a plain black wardrobe standing in front of the bed. "What do you think of it ?" he said. "It seems fairly ordinary," I answered. "Doesn't it seem to be frowning ?" he asked. "In any case, listen, *listen.*" We stood there, listening. But there was no sound at all, just the tap dripping into the wash-hand basin. "It approves of you," said Bronson. "Try hitting it. On the other hand you'd better not. You might wake it up."

That night, after dinner, I set out with Bronson and we drifted from café to café and finally ended up in the Chinese Quarter. At one o'clock in the morning, in a garish little café, I suggested going back. "No. I won't come back yet," said Bronson. "Leave me here. I'll be all right." I got a taxi and drove to the hotel.

At about five o'clock I was woken up by a crash, a door slamming, and someone clattering down the stairs. Then my door opened and I heard the sound of heavy breathing. "Are you awake ?" said the voice of Bronson. "Yes," I said ; "turn on the light." He flicked the switch, and I saw he was wearing a dressing gown. His hair was on end and he'd obviously been drinking a lot. "May I stay here for an hour or two ?" he asked. "I'll sit in the armchair. Then I'll go up and pack and clear the hell out of it. I'm not staying in my room." "What happened?" I asked. "I've had a fight with the wardrobe," he said thickly. "A fight ?" I said, sitting up. "Yes. I came back about an hour ago. With a girl. We went in to the room and had a few drinks. Then I turned out the light. I've forgotten exactly what happened then, but suddenly this wardrobe gave a terrible groan and came down flop on the bed. The girl ran for her life. I got hold of the wardrobe and wrestled. It was panting, and seemed as if it wanted to hug me. At last, I managed to throw it down on its back. It's ticking over." He turned out the light and settled down in the armchair. When I woke up in the morning he was gone.

After breakfast, I had a word with the proprietor. "I'm rather interested in furniture," I told him. "You have quite a fine wardrobe in room 110. There was an English gentleman staying there. Could you tell me anything about it?"

"The wardrobe in 110 ?" said the proprietor. "Quite an ordinary wardrobe, I assure you. It came from a building near the Plaza de España. A Convent for English ladies."

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

TASTE AND SOCCER

"A GOOD goalkeeper," said the football pro, "always tries to get his whole body behind the ball." There were a lot of paintings and sculptures of goalkeepers at the Football and Fine Arts Exhibition (45 Park Lane) but few of them were getting their bodies behind the ball; instead, most of them looked as though they were bouncing balloons.

"And another thing about goalkeepers," the football pro continued, "they always wear different coloured shirts from the rest of their team—so that the referee can tell at a glance who can handle." In many of the paintings they were wearing the same coloured shirts.

He continued walking round the exhibition. "Foul! Foul! Foul!" he exclaimed in front of picture after picture. For a moment I thought this was æsthetic criticism. But it was the cry of a referee: a player barging another who hadn't got the ball; an offside; a trip.

I asked him which paintings he liked.

"Well, I only know from a football point of view, naturally. That's a good portrait of Frank Swift. He was the finest goalie we ever had. Huge man. He could hold a football in one hand." It was a dull academic portrait and could have been that of an alderman.

"And then I like this one—*The Night before the Cup Tie.*" A picture of a mother ironing a shirt in the kitchen. "It's real this one. Only it's a bit exaggerated. You'd never get his boots

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on the same table. She wouldn't allow it. It makes it soft—that."

Then he pointed out a sculpture by Peri. "That's got something."

"But wouldn't it be a foul?"

"Yes, it would actually. But all the same it's got the real feel of a tackle."

"I like to know what a painting's leading up to. You see this one [*The Arsenal Scores* by Bernard Dunstan], I know what that's about. The goalkeeper's on the ground and there's the ball hurtling into the net, and there's just nothing anyone can do about it: you can see it on that back's face."

This conversation gives one some idea of the problems involved when artists get down to a popular theme. It is usual to say that public taste has been hopelessly debased: or, more accurately, hopelessly "glamorised." In a sense this is true. But, passing a long Saturday night cinema queue for some trashy film, it is an over-simplification to say, "Look. There's the evidence for you." One ignores, for example, that to take your girl to the flicks on Saturday night is a ritual: as valid in its way as taking her down a lovers' lane. Bad taste, no less than good taste, is often a last resort. And for this reason the impetus of the footballer's criticisms was sound.

On the whole the exhibition is an enjoyable one; it doesn't contain anything momentous, but among the 150 oil paintings, watercolours, prints and sculptures, there are more lively and fresh works than usual. The Football Association's idea of celebrating its ninetieth anniversary by organising a competition (there were 1,700 entries and £3,000-worth of prizes) was also good: a sensible attempt to give artists and public a common interest. Yet, if there is a general criticism, it is that those works which deal directly with the game lack profound observation. The obvious patterns of striped shirts and socks, the obvious dramas of violent movement, have been seized upon. But no one has begun to achieve purified heroic form (which is what the subject most naturally suggests) because no one has known enough to reconstruct (rather than snap-shot) the true action of a player, the convincing relationship between a number of players. The Peri and a well managed vigorous painting by Daphne Chart are possible exceptions. Thus in general the criticism that the artists haven't looked hard enough, haven't sufficiently understood the structure of the game, is one that can be made as legitimately by the art critic as by the footballer.

However, there are a good many successful works which deal indirectly with football. These are mostly by the sort of young artists, reacting against studio formalisation, whom I consider the most promising force in British painting today. There is a country match by Richard Macdonald—full of the silhouetting light of an English winter landscape; a haphazard game in the Midlands, a dog in the middle of the field, the ball a black splodge against the sky glow of the Potteries, by James Palmer; a humorous picture of a referee, rather like an orchestral conductor wearing shorts, by Alistair Grant; two old men in a back street arthritically demonstrating what *really* happened, by Roy Galley; the deserted stands during a mid-week practice at Stamford Bridge, by L. L. Toynbee; a slightly slick but ambitious crowd scene by C. Chamberlain—the light sloppy and wet as after a shower; a very well composed painting of a game in gold-green twilight by Michael Salaman.

At the Tate Gallery there are 76 facsimile replicas of Jugoslav medieval frescoes which range in character from Byzantine to Slovene Gothic. Walking round, it struck me how much our emphasis on formal qualities in painting is probably due to the fact that so many of the masterpieces we admire embody religious concepts whose significance we have forgotten or only academically remember. Pure form is what is left over when a work no longer flowers with live meaning—as with a leafless tree. On the whole, the show will interest art scholars rather than painters or the general public.

At the I.C.A. there is an exhibition called *Painting into Textiles.* It might have been called "Bones into Rags." Henry Moore presents sculptural studies as "an inspiration" to fabric designers! So many of the abstract artists concerned turn out their usual images. Normally one is accused of cheapness if one says that their work is only highbrow interior decoration; in fact one now sees that it is not even that. The catalogue states "that there is a danger in all the arts of knowing the medium too well." No comment.

JOHN BERGER

WAGNER AND VERDI

THE opening of the Covent Garden season was really rather wretched. *The Valkyrie* and *Siegfried* were supposed to give us a foretaste of next year's complete *Ring*, and particularly of a new conductor and new Brynhilde, both from the Metropolitan: Fritz Stiedry and Margaret Harshaw respectively. Since both of them failed to please, we can only hope, with ill-concealed dismay, that by next June they will somehow have improved. There are better Brynhildes before the public, although admittedly not many; alternative conductors spring readily to mind.

Still, Covent Garden must have been proud of these performances, for they charged gala prices. Both operas were distinguished by the wonderfully fine singing of Hans Hotter, as Wotan and Wanderer. His voice was in its best state—and then he is incomparable, the most intelligent, sympathetic, moving singer that we know. Rumour—can it be true?—has it that next year he is to be replaced by a duller artist. Hotter's very presence is such that it transfigures mediocre orchestral playing: through the curtain, it seems, he can colour the prelude to the third act of *Die Meistersinger*. Who but Hotter can express so much grief just by his bearing, after the death of Siegmund? Who could express a whole state of mind in the single word "Geh!"? The other good performance in *The Valkyrie* was Vinay's Siegmund, still better—though not yet quite right—than it was at Bayreuth. Fisher's Sieglinde (not unimpressive) and Coates's dreadful Fricka are familiar. Dalberg's accession to the Covent Garden company has meant, regrettably, that we no longer hear Weber or Frick in the Wagnerian bass roles.

Siegfried brought the Bayreuth Mime, Paul Kuen. I like him better than Peter Klein; though he fidgets too much, he gets out the words more clearly. It brought Jean Watson, a resonant Erda, and Mattiwilda Dobbs, a feeble, fluttery little Woodbird. In the title-role, once more, Set Svanholm—but a Svanholm with freer, warmer tone than we are used to hearing. He sent a message to ask the audience's indulgence since he was suffering from a cold, but indulgence was needed only for a few razed high notes. *The Valkyrie* seemed like a rehearsal, *Siegfried* more like a performance, since the four men on whom most of it depends were all good. How impressive is Otakar Kraus's Alberich: if only he always sang like this!

And so we come to our American guests. It must be rare for a Brynhilde to go right through *Valkyrie* and *Siegfried* without once singing a phrase that lingers in the memory so that one can say, "She did *that* beautifully." But nothing in Miss Harshaw's performance, except perhaps a real suggestion of trill on the F sharp in "Heiaha!", was truly commendable. No reserves, vocal, imaginative or spiritual, but short, unmusical phrasing and an unfortunate presence. Perhaps she will become a Brynhilde in time; she is not yet fledged enough to take flight in Covent Garden.

With a shock one realized that Stiedry was getting just the same dry quality from the orchestra that we used to hear under Rankl. The playing, of course, was more precise and accurate, but there was the same unimaginative, academic approach: these are Wagner's notes, and these his markings, and that is all. The result, alas, was to make the operas sound long and boring. No

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poetry, no magic, no warmth. Think what a weight of meaning the orchestral passage between Siegfried's kiss and Brynhilde's "Heil dir, Sonne!" usually carries; under Stiedry it went for nothing. It is hardly fair to comment on Rudolf Hartmann's half-hearted attempt to modify the old production: we must wait until he re-produces altogether next year.

How much more enjoyable to go to Birmingham, and hear the Midland Music Makers Grand Opera Society in Verdi's *I Lombardi*. This opera followed immediately on *Nabucco*: it had the same success at the Scala, and it has the same vigorous virtues: a wealth of melody, strong contrasts, emotions that run high, noble choruses. Less art than has *Luisa Miller*: and, dare one suggest, more vitality. Writers on Verdi tend to praise *I Lombardi* less than *Nabucco*; it is difficult to see why. The plot makes good dramatic sense, and would not be hard to follow even without the Society's discreet simplifications. The big chorus, "O Signore, dal tetto natio," proves to be as fine in context as the corresponding number from *Nabucco*. Kathleen Green, who played Giselda, has an amazing, a breathtaking smoothness and accuracy in *fioriture*: in this one point she can rival almost any singer on the professional stage today! For the rest, she showed an agreeable vocal quality and a nice feeling for phrase. Richard Helyer, as Pagano, the baritone, is the other singer who deserves special mention. The performance, both orchestrally and vocally, was good enough to give lively pleasure; and the conductor, Arthur Street, showed an understanding of Verdi tempos which has become rare in London today. I hope we have not heard the last of *I Lombardi*.

Andrew Porter

RADIO NOTES

Every so often the radio critic has the keenest sensation that he is probably the only remaining listener in the British Isles who has not switched off the programme under review or tried his luck on another wave-length. This was my experience with last week's discussion in the Home Service, *Is Coal Too Cheap?* Who would have stayed to the end who didn't have to? Discussion programmes of this kind, whose aim is to ventilate economic problems for—it is hoped—large audiences, are notoriously chancy. They might be less so if planners, producers and participants were to ask themselves, before doing anything else, a few simple questions: Who are we talking to? How much knowledge of what we are going to talk about can we assume in them? How, given they are prepared to listen, are we going to keep them listening?

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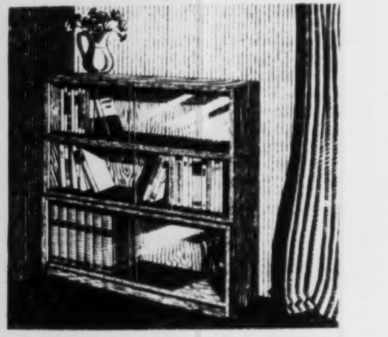

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It is this last question that is fundamental: with the rarest exceptions, all broadcasting to mass audiences, whatever the theme, fails if in some sense it does not entertain or move. This is to put a heavy and indeed an unfair burden on non-professional broadcasters, people who are called in because they are specialists: not every economist is a Crowther or a Hutton, not every business man a Hooper. All the same, if a liveliness, a lucidity, an impression of personality does not come through, the specialist fails when he is talking to people by the hundred thousand. In *Is Coal Too Cheap?* everyone failed. To a large extent it was not, I think, their fault. The dreariness that informed the programme arose from the fact that it was lamentably badly planned. It appeared to begin with the assumption that everyone listening knew why the question in the title was being asked. There were from time to time references to the Ridley Report, as though listeners had its recommendations at their fingertips. This ignorant listener hadn't: he kept thinking, Why doesn't one of them just read them over to me, tell me what they are? There was not, in other words, anything like enough exposition of the basic facts prompting the title of the programme; and this made the argument between the speakers remote and curiously academic—and in more than one instance extraordinarily opaque. There were certain quite simple realities the discussion should have been pegged down to: the miner at the coal-face, the listener in front of his coal fire, the exporting manufacturer with his interest in cheap fuel, and so on. To all these hats were tipped every so often; but as a whole, listening to this programme was like straying into a struggling correspondence in *The Times* being read aloud.

Obviously, Mr. Maurice Cranston's task in the Third was much simpler: he wrote his own discussion; and how good his imaginary conversation between Locke and the third Earl of Shaftesbury was! *A Dialogue on Toleration*, dovetailed out of Locke's own writings, was beautifully lucid. But it also had dramatic tension; the characters of the two disputants were firmly established, and their voices were individual, that of the old man summing up his creed at the end of his life, that of the young man, his pupil, haunted by the ambiguity of his illustrious grandfather's political behaviour. The old man and the young were admirably played by Mr. Felix Aylmer and Mr. Robert Eddison. A most stimulating programme.

Mr. Gerik Schjelderup's feature, *The Conquest of the South Pole*, a dramatised account of Amundsen's expedition, struck me as a trifle touch-and-go. The devices used to establish the dramatisation were a little too blatant and also a little too corny: the young man reading Amundsen's book in the Reading Room of the British Museum and then falling asleep (or waking up) and finding himself with Amundsen at his base camp; the ship *Fran* suddenly bursting into speech, into very ladylike tones, too, for so tough a customer. But it was a programme I was glad to hear, for it was a splendid story, the first part especially, the description of life at the base camp, which, in its ingenuity and resource, had a *Swiss Family Robinson*-like fascination.

I have been much impressed by the talks series *Latin America Past and Present*, partly because it has told me a great deal I didn't know before, and partly because of the personality of the speaker in the talks I have heard, Professor Robin Humphreys. His manner is urbane and his scripts polished. They have, in the way in which his vast conspectus of history is conveyed, a touch of the grand manner: here, one feels, is history as Gibbon and Macaulay conceived it. Professor Humphreys has style: it is as rare in broadcasting as anywhere else.

William Salter

THE MOVIES

"The Conquest of Everest," at Warner's

One had assumed that *The Conquest of Everest* would be good; good it is. The seeing it completes the action, and there we are. Whatever else Englishmen—and English showmen in particular—may differ on, they are united in their love of heroism. Of course we conquered Everest! Of course we'd be manly and modest about it! Of course, of course . . . It seems, as we watch it, preparation by preparation, step by step, inevitable: one of those inevitable miracles by which—we pride ourselves—wars are won and glory achieved. Failure, glorious failure, of course, also we celebrate, but don't take to it so impeccably. Scott may be, tragically, our man: but we give ourselves away by hinting that there must have been something mechanical, regimented, inhuman (what about the dogs?) in Amundsen's supremacy. Ours should be, in the final tussle with nature, the victory of nature's gentlemen. The idea of what is and what isn't so has changed quite a lot since Scott's day, and largely owing to him. Scientific determination is quite the thing. The first thrills indeed, of *The Conquest of Everest* come from the wind-tunnel in which tents are tried out, the choice between white boot and black boot, the oxygen chamber in which a doctor, with his eye on the falling mercury, registers every deterioration to the point of collapse. His heart-beat, most dramatically, forecasts the ordeal to be faced. At last everything has been made ready, the time and the place have been studied, the models pored over, and the expedition is away.

We see what previously we had only read. The approach this time is from the south, through Nepal. There are no roads in; we *see* them carrying a jeep. Then the army of porters, the forests, the uplands, the last monastery with its view of Everest. From tropical heat to eternal snows, and the way having to be cut step by step, and footfall, laboriously, by footfall. The journey is made in stages: each stage sheds men and multiplies hardship, till at last the top seems inconceivable. But it has been coolly planned, with a feint and a thrust, and it comes off. The fact that we don't—needless to say—witness that final, excruciating ascent, is a measure of the film's strength. We don't need to see it; we look on helplessly from a distance, and then circling in a plane, and that's enough. *The Conquest of Everest* so fulfils its function that we don't, except by an effort, pause to consider it as a film; we are caught up, impelled, enchanted, terrified by fact.

Everest itself, near and far, has been most brilliantly shot. Then there are the men. Hunt is a practical mystic who never, even when he begins to wonder, looks like failing. Hillary and Tensing are emissaries; and the one's frown and the other's smile—especially the smile—seem to come from deep assurance. One thinks of these, and of others, with the reflection that such men can't be beaten. Yet every step they take, as we follow their slow progress, is an agony, and every future moment an impossibility. I have nothing but praise for this film which, doing what it sets out to do, has inspired its makers only less than did Everest its attackers. The scale and threat of the mountain light up the eye splendidly; blue expanse stares beyond white, or a terrible wind brings snow; the voices of Hunt and others are precise; and Mr. Louis MacNeice's commentary achieves eloquence without overreaching fact. Everest has provided Group 3—responsible for the production—with ground far less treacherous than it encounters at home.

William Whitebait

Correspondence

BRITISH GUIANA

SIR,—In view of your admirable feature on British Guiana two weeks ago, you may be interested in a comment on the intellectual climate in the Colony. Ignorance rules in Georgetown and the attitude of the White community towards Communism and Socialism is nearer McCarthy's than it is to the English conception. It is firmly believed that the suspicion of Communism justifies conviction. Mr. Attlee is believed by many to be a Communist because he agreed to meet Dr. Jagan—and this before anybody knew whether or not he would decide to support Jagan. Consequently, to follow the P.P.P. case and to form any logical view on the crisis remotely critical of the Colonial Office, is regarded as tantamount to sedition. Last week, during the searching of various Ministerial houses, the houses of Europeans who were believed to have "liberal" sympathies were also closely watched and the atmosphere reached boiling point. Georgetown is a small place and everybody takes an interest in what everybody is doing. Incidentally, the raids on Ministers' houses seems to have brought little reward. No more remarkable trophies were recovered than the pamphlets which delegates always bring home from the various East European peace congresses.

As to the general charge brought by Mr. Lyttelton that the P.P.P. Government was dominated by Moscow, you are probably not far wrong in your assessment of the leading personalities. The Jagans and possibly Mr. Burnham are Marxists. Mr. King, Mr. Chase and Mr. Westmaas, if Marxist at all, are less articulately so. Mr. Singh and Dr. Lachmansingh are not, apparently, Marxists. They are Left-wing Socialists. The whole trend of the P.P.P. itself is nationalist rather than Communist. Dr. Jagan gives the impression of being not very certain where he was leading the party and thus might have proved responsive to carefully organised Communist pressure. It is, therefore, possible to claim that he might one day have attempted to set up a Communist state, but to say so is entirely hypothetical. From here there seems no evidence of it.

Georgetown, B.G. ENGLISHMAN

SIR,—May I congratulate you on your excellent supplement on British Guiana?

As a child, I lived among the illiterate and frustrated sugar workers—the indentured East Indians. I remember, too, the White indentured overseers whose chief activities consisted in riding through the fields in the blazing sun by day and scalding their digestive tracts with the sugar by-product, rum, by night. Both were victims of the absentee sugar planters, smarting under the goadings of still another victim of the system, the estate manager, who held his job by virtue of driving both groups to yield more dividends—not for himself, but for his employers. The facts of low education standards cannot be stated too often. Low as the town standards were, imagine the estate schools. A friend of my mother was headmistress of one of them. She was a brilliant student and opted to teach there for she had a missionary's zeal. She eventually became frustrated and cynical. There was no knowing how many seats would be empty before school ended. In the middle of dictation or working out sums in her one-room, all-age classroom, the estate whistle would blow and the older children would scamper off to the fields for cutting or whatever task they were summoned to perform. Little wonder then, that when I was about seven years old I saw, one late afternoon, lines of donkey carts or mule drays passing before our house (we lived in the town) on way to the hospital and the morgue. There had been a riot on one of the estates. That was before the Russian revolution; there was no "Red plot."

The movement which led to the formation of the People's Progressive Party had its beginnings, without the aid of "inspired Reds," as far back as 1910, if not before. The matured and conscious actions of this movement is but the ripening to fruition of a long germinating seed planted along with the sugar-cane. FORMER RESIDENT

[*The following letter, which was delayed in transit, was written on Oct. 8.—*ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—This morning we awoke to see a cruiser and two frigates lying twelve miles offshore from Georgetown. The B.B.C. news had, for two days past, been telling us to expect them and now they had arrived. The population regarded them with interest—their interest tinged with emotions of anger, dismay, disgust, relief or jubilation, depending upon their particular idea of the situation. At midday we were disturbed at our lunch by the unaccustomed roar of five B.O.A.C. Vikings passing overhead in an impressive crescent-formation, curling round to zoom overhead along the Demerara River on their way to the airport. Two minutes later, the B.B.C. informed us that they contained 150 troops from Jamaica. The 500 troops from the cruiser had been landed earlier.

This evening, as we sat over our tea, we were regaled with the sight of lorryloads of soldiers, several bren-gun carriers and one or two jeeps rumbling by on the road past our windows. "Tractor making big noise," commented our young son as he spilt his cocoa over the tablecloth for the umpteenth time. "Just like when Winston Churchill sent troops to the Rhondda Valley," said my mother angrily, as a wave of emotion hit us when a lorryload of Welsh Fusiliers passed and we realised once more our longing for the land of our birth.

And that, for today, was that. My husband has been lucky enough to draw a blank for tonight's patrol of our 14-house housing-estate and so we can go to bed in peace to await tomorrow's developments. Meanwhile we discuss the mystery of our "invasion." Two weeks ago we would not have been so surprised, for then the country's sugar industry had been paralysed by a strike and a general strike had been threatened, supported by those unions whose leaders were also Ministers. (B.G.'s population is too small to find enough leaders to fill all its posts in government and industry without duplication.) But, now, with all the workers returned to work, everything had seemed peaceful enough. True, the Government elected at our first universally franchised elections in April contained one or two Communists and Communist sympathisers, but their influence could be checked by vigilance on the part of the rest, we felt. What was this latest "intrigue" of which the B.B.C. had spoken? There had been no disturbances among the population, no riots, no street fights, nothing worse than the occasional shout of "Limey, go home!" as we passed a group of street idlers or sat on view in the comparative luxury of our concrete houses along the sea-wall.

And so we speculate and harangue. "Teach 'em a lesson," say the diehard Colonials from the comfort of their clubs and well-appointed houses. "Wha' fo' there gyan be shootin', mistress?" asks the garden-boy. "We've done nothing for them to be afraid of," says the grocer's boy, a staunch Government supporter. "Makes me wanna cover me 'ead and bawl!" cries the cook as she watches more troops go tearing by. "You and your white faces—we never want to see one in our house again," says a coloured friend bitterly. What can we say? We are still mystified by the arrival of the troops and the purpose for which they have been sent. There are rumours that the newly won Constitution is to be suspended or revoked. Why *now*, at this moment? Tomorrow we may know more. Meanwhile, "here we sit, like birds in the wilderness, down in Demerara. . . ." BARBARA E. LINES

Georgetown, B.G.

MR. BLUNDELL AND KENYA

SIR,—The report of your Nairobi Correspondent with respect to the views of Mr. Blundell is most depressing. From the beginning of the Mau Mau crisis, Mr. Blundell has been presented to us as the leader of the more enlightened Europeans in Kenya; yet the crucial assumption which lies behind his proposals is that Mau Mau is a cancerous growth that has arisen from criminal tendencies which have no connection with the history of the Colony and the general conditions of the Kikuyu community.

This assumption must be challenged forthrightly. I was a member of the Select Committee which was appointed by the Labour Government in 1930 to inquire into the merits of the proposal for closer union between Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, which the White population of Kenya was then strongly urging. One of the outstanding events in that Inquiry was the fierce opposition of the African representatives of Uganda and Tanganyika to this proposal, on the ground that they feared it would result in the extension of the serious disabilities endured by Kenya Africans, to them. That fact alone made it impossible for our Committee to sanction a policy of closer political union; and it was composed of ten members of the House of Lords and ten of the House of Commons, only half of whom were Labour. This Committee, by the way, was the first to invite Africans to London to give evidence, and it is significant that the Kenya delegate, Chief Koinanga, who was chosen by the Kenya Government, has latterly been in detention although a very old man.

There is no need to describe the conditions which existed in Kenya at that time. There has been much improvement since, but it falls a long way short of what was necessary and what some of us hoped for. Indeed, I must frankly state that as a result of that experience Mau Mau came as no surprise to me, and the really depressing fact now is that men who pose as enlightened White leaders in Kenya should now think largely in terms of permanent punishment for the leaders of Mau Mau and long years of incarceration for all its members as if they were inveterate criminals without social cause.

When I contemplate the harsh measures that have already been taken against the Kikuyu people, socially, economically, politically, culturally, I despair of the future. The complete lack of understanding of the human problem, of the psychological effects of fifty years of oppression of many kinds, and of the visions and aims of an awakening, long-suffering people, is almost beyond belief.

The Coloured world is arising, and every part of it is in touch with every other part. It cannot be held down much longer, while further repression will be met by the forging of underground links which will eventually issue in the conflagration of a world

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racial war. These trends could soon be reversed given a little imagination. The proposals of Mr. Joseph Murumbi appear to me to be both reasonable and practicable.

It is, I think, extremely significant and timely that General Sir George Erskine, East African Commander-in-Chief, should openly have declared that there was no military answer to Kenya's troubles, that her problem was "purely political"—"how Europeans, Africans and Asians can live in harmony on a long-term basis. If the people of Kenya could address themselves to this problem and find a solution they would have achieved far more than I could do with security forces."

Is this not the time to bury the past, to appeal to the imagination of the Kikuyu people with an overall plan of operations which would give them hope, kindle their enthusiasm and win their co-operation in erecting an inter-racial civilisation which might prove to be one of the great turning points in history?

New Longton, Preston. Wilfred Wellock

"THE HEART OF THE MATTER"

Sir,—Certain changes in the film version of Graham Greene's novel raise interesting questions of censorship.

The climax of the novel was Scobie's suicide, followed by Father Rank's compassionate epitaph: that, of all the protagonists, himself included, Scobie had come nearest to loving God; and the heart of the matter was the suggestion of God's compassion for those who struggle but fail.

In the film, however, Scobie did not kill himself. In the veriest nick of time he was killed, on duty, in a native brawl; and he died explaining that, by this most convenient intervention, God had "made everything all right."

This fell and final stroke, compromising the author's intentions which had otherwise been faithfully represented, has already been splendidly deplored by Miss Dilys Powell and rightly attributed by Miss C. A. Lejeune, not to the director or the adaptor, but to the Church and the censor. What interests me is the grounds for their objection.

These cannot consist in suicide itself, nor even in Catholic compassion for it, since earlier in this film a minor character, Pemberton, hangs himself and provokes Scobie's pity, and an outburst of belief in divine forgiveness, in the face of orthodox religious condemnation. It is perhaps a different matter for the hero to kill himself, though it would be ludicrous to suppose that, given a bad example by Trevor Howard, we might take to suicide ourselves. The point of course is that Scobie was a Catholic and Pemberton was not; and whereas Pemberton's death was an escape from debt and scandal, Scobie's was a sacrifice of his hope of Heaven in order to stop giving pain to those who loved him.

The objections are clear enough. But are they valid? In the novel Scobie's suicide could only provoke pity, the more so since it was shown that he had died in vain. But in the film the last-minute *deus ex machina* reprieve, the suggestion that God makes everything all right for those in desperate straits, can only provoke disbelief and might even be interpreted to mean a divine partiality for intending suicides.

Indeed, by compromising Graham Greene's fully worked-out study in compassion, Church and censor (in what proportion we can only guess) seem to have done a neat job in cutting off their own spiritual and moral noses. And we, who have had too much of intolerance, are the poorer for it.

Audrey Harvey

LEGITIMACY

Sir,—It is becoming increasingly recognised that it is not right to penalise children for the "sins" of their parents. But the Legitimacy Act, 1926, does this when it prevents legitimation by subsequent marriage of a child whose father or mother was married to a third party at the time of its birth. Two recent decisions of the Supreme Court have shown how hardly this law can operate. In the case of Moore v. Moore, 1952, it was held that if the marriage of such a child's parents broke down the mother could not get an affiliation order against the father because she was not a "single woman." She could not get a maintenance order for the child because the child was still illegitimate. In May this year, it was decided in the case of Parker v. Parker that the divorce court had no power to make an order for the custody or maintenance of a child whose parents' marriage had failed to legitimate it.

When the 1926 Bill was going through the House of Commons an amendment to delete the provision preventing the legitimation of children of extra marital unions was supported by members of all parties, but it was rejected. It was near the end of the session, and an amendment might have meant a conflict with the Lords, and the loss of the whole Bill. But Lieut.-Commander Burney suggested that a one-clause Bill to repeal this restriction of legitimation might be introduced in 1927. The matter was, however, lost sight of.

The Marriage Law Reform Society has now drafted a simple bill to repeal sub-section 2 of section 1 of the Legitimacy Act, 1925 (6). This is the section which punishes a child when one of its parents was already married at the time of its birth. Many of our members are affected, and we believe that there are thousands of children whose illegitimacy is carefully maintained by this law. The increase in divorce since the war and the consequent increase of second marriages makes the problem more urgent. The ballot for Private Members' Bills takes place soon and we are hopeful that some M.P. who is fortunate in the ballot may agree to introduce this Bill. It is difficult to believe that there could be much opposition to this measure for justice for children.

Robert S. W. Pollard,
Marriage Law Reform Society, *Chairman*
20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

BRITAIN AND MALAYA

Sir,—There are, I think, many who feel uneasily that Britain is failing in her tasks in the colonies, and genuinely wish for a more constructive colonial policy, but who also feel that the colonies are so important economically to Britain herself that their independence would mean a very serious aggravation of Britain's economic problems. It is now no longer considered indiscreet to point to the enormous part which Malaya has played in bridging Britain's dollar gap, and there can, I think, be no doubt that this has played an important and stultifying part in Labour's attitude to colonial affairs.

Basil Davidson, in an article in your journal in June, posed this question of the role of Malaya as a vital dollar-earner. His answers indicate that he feels the dollar deficit (which would result from an independent Malaya leaving the Sterling Area) to be an important difficulty. The gold dollars which Malaya earns are used by Britain to buy what Britain needs, not what Malaya needs. Malaya is in the Sterling Area because that is to Britain's advantage. Mr. Davidson is right in quoting Professor Arthur Lewis's words "Britain talks of colonial development, but on the contrary, it is the African and Malayan peasants who are putting capital into Britain." What benefit do these peasants get from their large investment in Britain? Would it not be more correct to say, with brutal frankness, that Britain is simply using their money, living on their earnings?

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Those who seek a constructive solution to the colonial problem must start from the premiss that an independent Malaya will leave the Sterling Area. Would Britain not derive some benefits from this, of much greater and more lasting value than the propping-up of a weak dollar position? Some would stand to lose; the investments of a few hundred investors in rubber and tin would cease to produce profits. The rubber and tin share-holders would moan, but, I rather think, they might be philosophical about it, in view of the huge profits they have made, which have repaid them their capital several times, even since the war.

What would these benefits consist of? Apart from the saving of the tax-payers' money spent on the Malayan war (which has been estimated to cost £100 million a year), and the cost in terms of blood and destruction, an independent (and friendly) Malaya would be the ideal customer—wealthy, but ill-equipped. Britain as a whole has a far larger interest in the prosperity of her export industries than in that of the handful of rubber and tin investors. Malaya will need capital equipment—steel, engines, hydro-electric equipment, and will need them in large quantities and for a long time.

So long as Britain insists on buying from those parts of the world which do not want her goods in return, the dollar problem will remain. Trade with the East as a whole, the vast area stretching from Berlin to Java, would mean a balanced trade, food and raw materials against machines, which would be of enormous benefit to British exporters. The fact is that an independent Malaya could be of greater benefit to the British economy than a Malaya held down at all costs as a dollar and super-profit earner.

If the answer is "The Americans won't let us," then Malayans will wonder whether Malaya is a British or American colony, and also whether the only other solution to the Malayan problem is for the Malayan people to fight, with all the weapons at their disposal, against a Britain which wages war to keep her hold over Malaya's dollar earnings, and rubber and tin super-profits.

John Eber

GENETICS CONGRESS

Sir,—At the final session of the International Congress of Genetics recently held at Bellagio, Italy, the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

> The Congress asks the International Committee not to recommend that the next Congress be held in any country to which it may be expected that scientists would be refused permission to enter on grounds of race, nationality, religion, place of birth, or political associations past or present.

Your readers may guess that this resolution was prompted by the fact that owing to the attitude of the United States authorities it is now no longer possible to hold International Science Congresses in that country.

S. C. Harland.
British and Commonwealth Representative on the
International Genetics Committee.

WATER IN FUEL

Sir,—Owing to its porous character coke absorbs moisture much more readily than coal. The moisture accrues from two sources:—

(1) The quenching water thrown on it when withdrawn from retort.

(2) The rain falling on it when stored in the open.

The gas undertakings have so developed the art of quenching that they can now deliver the coke with sufficient warmth in it to vaporise off all but 3 per cent. of the quenching water. If it is delivered direct to consumer, and he stores it under cover, this percentage need never be exceeded. It is on the stock-pile, either at gas-works or merchants' yard, where the water accrues.

Consumers should realise that, for every pound of water in the coke, 966 B.T.U.s are required to evaporate it, and that the heat passes up the chimney.

John S. Cargill

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Books in General

After Boswell in London and Holland, there is Boswell on the Grand Tour.* Later we are to see him in Italy, but so far, the London Journal is the plum for many reasons. Its self-portrait was backed by an intimate picture of London. It showed Boswell dissolute and failing, which meant Boswell nervous, naive, remorseful, moral, and unformed. He is no less inclined to give himself away in the later volumes, but there is already, at the age of 24, less to give away, for success has the effect of sealing off a man's character. Professor Pottle has noticed this in his introduction to the present volume when he says that Boswell is a little less attractive as a human being as he becomes more self-confident; for out of naivety has grown a certain pomp, out of self-wonder has grown self-love, out of the comic muddle of youthful love the more sedate comedy of a well-directed ambition. He now has the nerve to ask the Margrave of Baden to give him the Order of Fidelity—which would have given the crowning comic touch to his career—he badgers Rousseau like some importunate tourist of the kind that goes round torturing celebrities; he saw to it that he was asked to stay the night with Voltaire. Of course, he made it worth their while. He flattered, he entertained, he captivated; he was thought to be a most interesting young man. He was, in short, a climber. Already in London we have seen him try (vainly) to avoid the Scottish aristocracy, in order to climb among the English; but outside of England there is no racial shame or timidity. Among Electors and Princes he is "one of your old proud Scots," he has assumed the conventional title of Baron in Germany, and is very much a man among his peers:

> From my earliest years I have respected the great. In the groves of Auchinleck I have indulged pleasing hopes of ambition. Since I have been in Germany, it has been my ardent wish to find a prince of merit who might take a real regard for me, and with whose ennobling friendship I might be honoured all my life.

If this is snobbery, it is romantic snobbery. If we grin broadly at it today, that is because rank has ceased to be a fact in our social life. In Boswell's time rank was a reality not to be circumvented and most intellectual men were attacking it. There was Rousseau; a generation later, there was to be Stendhal still pounding away at it. Boswell was not on that side. He loved rank and, of course, had the highest connections. The word "snobbery" will not do in the description of this climber. In him love of the great and the splendid is the romantic frustrated love of the father-hunter; it is connected with the sense of "my genius," "my merit," "my singularity." ("I am in reality an original character.") The mundane quest is imaginative and even spiritual; and it is also comical because the trivial is so absurdly mixed in with it. The search for recognition, for spiritual guidance, faith, the highest way of life, will be somehow linked with the necessity for fine waistcoats and velvet; and his talk about the Deity with Rousseau leads inevitably to the question of whether it is permissible to keep a harem, and whether adultery is all right as long as one suffers. The splendid aspiration quivering on the edge of the sublime has an inescapable practical undertone.

There is one obvious mark of development in Boswell's character in the *Grand Tour*. It occurs in Brunswick:

> I stopped at Königsbutter, having taken an extra post for the last stage in order to enter Brunswick as a gentleman. . . . I sat in the Duke's *loge* and was fine with the ladies of the Court. Was not this quite as I could wish? My mind was clear and firm and fertile. It contained in itself both male and female powers: brilliant fancies were begotten, and brilliant fancies were brought forth. I saw my error in suffering so much from the contemplation of others. I can never be them, therefore let me not envy the gallant and the happy, nor be shocked by the nauseous and the wretched. I must be Mr. Boswell of Auchinleck. Let me make him as perfect as possible. . . I recollected my moments of despair when I did not value myself at sixpence, because, forsooth, I was but an individual, and an individual is nothing in the multitude of beings. Whereas *I* am all myself. I have only one existence. If it is a mad one, I cannot help it. I must do my best.

A guilty salute to Dr. Johnson, the fading father-figure, follows. He imagines the Doctor's shade, at some time "beckoning me to the skies. Grand, yet enthusiastic, idea." But Boswell is forming and crystallising—as much as he ever will, for later on, in a brilliant metaphor, he hits himself off with terrible accuracy: "My mind is like an air pump which receives and ejects ideas with wonderful felicity." His persuasiveness lies in his great intelligence. He has noted, for example, in one careless line in a diary, a matter which is of burning importance to us nowadays: the difference between being an individual and being a person. One of the political difficulties of our society nowadays hinges precisely on this important distinction.

The important episode in the *Grand Tour* is the interview with Rousseau. As Professor Pottle saye, we must remember that *The Confessions* were not published until after Rousseau's death, and so we see Rousseau before he had created himself for posterity. We also see him, ill, evasive but confident, a mere fortnight before Voltaire's terrible blow fell upon him and destroyed his sanity—one of those vicious acts that leave one appalled by human wickedness. Boswell's siege of Rousseau began by a vow of a month's chastity to prepare his spirit for the great encounter. (There had been little unchastity, in any case, on the Grand Tour and none before that in Holland.) He decided on boldness, almost rudeness. He "forgot" to bring his letter of introduction with him, announcing that his "merits"—which he would shortly display—would be his credentials.

> BOSWELL: Tell me, Sir, do you not find that I answer to the description I gave you of myself?
>
> ROUSSEAU: Sir, it is too early for me to judge. But all appearances are in your favour.
>
> BOSWELL: I fear I have stayed too long. I shall take the honour of returning tomorrow.
>
> ROUSSEAU: Oh, as to that, I can't tell.

The farewell was hardly encouraging.

> BOSWELL: Sir, your very humble servant—What, are you coming further?
>
> ROUSSEAU: I am not coming with you. I am going for a walk in the passage. Good-bye.

At the next forced interview Rousseau says: "You are irksome to me. Go away." But sheer persistence wins. Boswell was not thick-skinned. He was simply exalted by the sublimity of the occasion and he managed cleverly to convert Rousseau, at any rate, to curiosity. To the sublime, the man of 52 answered the man of 24 with the penetrating. Did Boswell understand, as he artlessly wrote down the interview afterwards, that his nature had been accurately weighed:

> BOSWELL: What do you think of cloisters, penances, and remedies of that sort?
>
> ROUSSEAU: Mummeries, all of them, invented by men. Do not be guided by men's judgments, or you will find yourself tossed to and fro perpetually. Do not base your life on the judgments of others.

The dialogue ends:

> BOSWELL: Will you, Sir, assume direction of me?
>
> ROUSSEAU: I cannot. I can be responsible only for myself.
>
> BOSWELL: But I shall come back.
>
> ROUSSEAU: I don't promise to see you. I am in pain. I need a chamber pot every minute.

The comedy is perfect and a variation of it is played at Ferney. Diverted by Boswell's conceit, struck by his eccentricity and the performance he put on, both Rousseau and Voltaire were patient and at last interested. The buffoon who had made a speciality of himself, who regarded himself as an interesting chemical experiment which might possibly draw out the great, was a success. He has the extraordinary self-sufficiency of the small man who is not in the least perturbed by the great because he worships them. And, after all, Boswell *is* an interesting chemical experiment. The *Grand Tour* has its tedious passages, for we tire of the German courts, but how often the sudden human revelation springs out, and how often it is passionately absurd. "I have a weakness of mind which is scarcely credible." What is wrong with Zélide, the Dutch lady who is obviously mad to marry him? She studies mathematics. But could not love replace that? Yes, but she has only £400 a year. Why (he asks the glum and silent Turkish wife of the Earl Marischal with whom he is travelling), why is he so melancholy in the mornings? Our happiness and health, replies the lady, depend on the circulation of the blood. Encouraging remark: shall he make love to her? No, the awful figure of Dr. Johnson comes into his mind. He has been chaste for a year. He seduces a chocolate-seller: "I rose, cool and astonished, half-angry, half-laughing. I sent her off. Bless me, have I now committed adultery?" And, it turns out later on, his conscience drives him to experiment.

> I composed a discourse against fornication quite like an old Scots minister. I said to myself, what damned stuff this is, and was clearly convinced that what I said was certainly true. I then read it aloud with the Presbyterian tone and upon my word frightened myself. Ought not this to prevent me from being rendered any more dismal by a dominie? No; for as Lord Marischal said, "A sermon is to me like a doleful tune, which I cannot resist."

Professer Pottle's edition is for the general reader and it has been ingeniously arranged. Several letters to and from Boswell are interpolated in the text and add depth and perspective. The London *Journal* was marred here and there by footnotes which were exasperatingly obvious to the non-American reader; that fault has gone and the necessary historical notes are clear and pleasantly proportioned. The whole is a very agreeable example of Anglo-American scholarship.

---

* *Boswell on the Grand Tour: Germany and Switzerland 1764.* Edited by FREDERICK POTTLE. *Heinemann.* 25s.

V. S. Pritchett

*

THE STREAMING SEA

from *The Nightfishing*

Our bow heads home

Into the running blackbacks soaring us loud
High up in open arms of the towering sea.
The steep bow heaves, hung on these words, towards
That silence the one home out of time becomes.
It is the skilled keel itself knowing its own
Fathoms it further moves through with us there
Kept in its common timbers, yet each of us
Unwound upon

By a lonely behaviour of the all common ocean.
I cried headlong from my dead. The long rollers,
Quick on the crests and shirred with fine foam,
Surge down then sledge their green tons weighing dead
Down on the shuddered deck-boards. And shook off
All that white arrival upon us back to falter
Into the waking spoil and to be lost in
The mingling world.

So we were started back over that sea we
Had worked widely all fish-seasons and over
Its shifting grounds, yet now risen up into
Such humours, I felt like a farmer tricked to sea.
For it sailed sore against us. It grew up
To black banks that crossed us. It stooped beaked.
Its brine burnt us. I was chosen and given.
It rose as risen

Treachery becomes myself, to clip me amorously
Off from all common breath. Those fires burned
Sprigs of the foam and branching tines of water.
It rose so white, soaring slowly, up
On us, then broke down on us. It became a mull
Against our going and unfastened under us and
Curdled from the stern. It shipped us at each blow.
The brute weight

Of the living sea wrought us, yet the boat sleeked lean
Into it, upheld by the whole sea-brunt heaved,
And hung on the swivelling tops. The tiller raised
The siding tide to wrench us and took a good
Ready hand to hold it. Yet we made a seaway
And minded all the gear was fast, and took
Our spell at steering. And we went keeled over
The streaming sea.

See how, as an early self, it's loath to leave
And stares from the scuppers as it swirls away
To be clenched up. What a great width stretches
Farsighted away fighting in its white straits
On either bow, but bears up our boat on all
Its plaiting strands. This wedge driven into
The twisting water, we rode. The bow shores
The long rollers.

The keel climbs till, with screws spinning out of their bite,
We drive down into the roar of the great doorways,
Each time almost to overstay, but start
Up into again the yelling gale and hailing
Shot of the spray. Yet we should have land
Soon marking us out of this thick distance and
How far we're in. Who is that poor sea-scholar,
Braced in his hero? Yes. It is myself.

W. S. Graham

THREE POEMS

DILEMMA

Un-numbered souls, life's day at end,
Have left their dust, and hied away.
How few, it seems, return to wend
Earth's haunts in spectral disarray!

Yes—and I wonder which would daunt *me* most—
To face this world again, as child, or ghost.

DE PROFUNDIS

The metallic chill of iron;
The glaze of glass;
The inflammability of wood . . .

You will not be cold there;
You will not wish to see your face in a mirror;
There will be no heaviness,
Since you will not be able to lift a finger.

There will be company, but they will not heed you;

Yours will be a journey only of two paces
Into view of the stars again; but you will not make it.

There will be no recognition;
No one, who should see you, will say—
Throughout the uncounted hours—

" Why . . . the last time we met, I brought you some flowers! "

AN EPITAPH

Would'st liefer be alive, or dead?
Grisly gray? Or rosy red?
Would'st liefer hear the marriage bell,
Or Sexton's one-note-knocking knell?

Ah, friend, if thou have any care
To be abroad in light and air,
Get thee quick gone. No traffic have
Within the ambit of the grave.

Walter de la Mare

THE SACRIFICE

" We are not deathless but you make us so,
Being the dreadful Emperor for whose sake
We are about to die and dying seek
None but a posthumous honour, your applause,
No boon but this you've granted us, a cause:
Your dubious distance from the men we know."

Distant indeed, that Emperor is gone,
And long before his fall had ceased to note
Whose was the point and whose the punctured throat,
Bored past endurance with their martyrdom.
The plebs alone gave every face a name,
Counting the wounds he would not look upon.

Now some went wild because afraid to doubt,
So wild, they could not wait until the day,
But mauled their guards and died without delay.
Others, unfit for arms, were loosed in packs
To pitch their bulk at undefended backs
Though whores and hangman hissed the knock-about.

The best betrayed suspicion in a twist
Lent to the formal greeting, showed the skill
Of nonchalant courage, but grew loath to kill.
The cause held good: present or absent, he—
More than himself—must bless their agony;
And, bad at murder, here they'd not be missed.

The Emperor's usurper, too, is dead.
But even now, they say, from time to time
A good man wins and, punished for that crime
In contravention of the ancient laws,
Hears ghostly words grow faint, the god's applause,
Dying in doubt, yet strangely comforted.

Michael Hamburger

EUROPE OVER ASIA

Asian Nationalism and the West. Edited by William L. Holland. *Allen & Unwin.* 40*s*.

Soviet Policy in the Far East 1944-1951. By Max Beloff. *Oxford* (for Royal Institute of International Affairs). 21*s*.

Questions of East and West. By G. F. Hudson. *Odhams.* 15*s*.

When an empire is crumbling, is it better for it to withdraw its legions for the defence of the home-land, entering into new relationships with its erstwhile provinces, or to reaffirm its imperial authority and defend every outpost to the death? No doubt there were two schools of thought on this subject in Rome when the Goths were advancing, but the more conciliatory seems to have prevailed. Says Gibbon:

> Britain was irrecoverably lost. But, as the emperors wisely acquiesced in the independence of a remote province, the separation was not embittered by the reproach of tyranny or rebellion; and the claims of allegiance and protection were succeeded by the mutual and voluntary offices of national friendship.

Sixty years later, independent Britain sent troops to fight for the Romans in Gaul. If, in the long run, the policy did not save Rome, it was the only one that had a chance of doing so.

To any responsible person who knew India in 1945, a British withdrawal was inevitable and, until recently, the " stab in the back " theory was confined to the bars of service clubs. But now it has come out into the open. On August 19 *Punch* published an editorial in which the withdrawal from India figured as a major act of " appeasement," and when troops were sent to British Guiana three weeks ago there was a cartoon by Cummings in the *Daily Express* to a similar effect. Since few people look to *Punch* for political guidance, this article might have escaped wide notice had not the American magazine, *Life* (October 5), published another editorial which described that in *Punch* as " the timeliest piece of political irony in years " and hailed it as marking the end of weak-kneed British diplomacy. (If one had not learnt to associate *Punch* with urbane—if pawky—humour, the article might have seemed to be an elaborate sneer at any kind of realism or reasonableness.)

What are the trends of thought on " Asian appeasement " in more specialized circles? The first two books here reviewed are by-products of the Eleventh Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations held at Lucknow in the autumn of 1950. This conference (which I attended) was remarkable, above all, I feel, for the spontaneous goodwill displayed by Indians of all classes towards Britain. It convinced one anew that the decision to withdraw from India at the right psychological moment had created an atmosphere in which a permanent understanding with India could be achieved—and, through India, perhaps, with the whole of Asia. The present welcome, however, had a social rather than a political significance, and round the conference table the Indian—and indeed the new Asian—attitude was clear enough in its broader outlines.

It is this attitude which *Asian Nationalism and the West* seeks to crystallise and explain, and it does so with a creditable measure of success. Mr. McT. Kahin's contribution on nationalism in Indonesia is notable and his claim that here independence has not been followed by " increasing political disintegration " does something to offset reports to the contrary. Professor Silcock and Ungku Abdul Aziz of the University of Malaya, while they are reserved as to the *bona fides* of British policy, make no secret of their belief that the decision, in 1952, to regard Malaya as primarily a military problem was a major blunder. But the main task of summarising the trends in the great Asian countries falls to the editor, Mr. W. L. Holland, the Secretary General of the I.P.R., and he discharges his task in a long and skilful essay. He concludes

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Here is a brilliant Wheatley worthy of "that Prince of Thriller Writers"—a startling story of a young Englishman's adventures in the troubled areas of modern Europe. "Thrilling." "*Daily Telegraph.*" 12s. 6d.

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by saying that India, in spite of weaknesses, has shown an " encouraging capacity for orderly and democratic procedures," and he makes it abundantly clear that the one chance of stemming the advance of Communism in Asia lies in the newly independent countries following the Indian lead.

In tunnelling through mountains, the approved technique, I believe, is to start from both ends at once and meet in the middle. The two small groups of researchers into international affairs, one of which starts from Russia and works towards the Far East and the other which works in the reverse direction, are tunnellers of this kind. But whereas the railway engineers can calculate to within a few centimetres where the two borings will meet, the research groups cannot be certain that they will meet at all (sometimes each hears a tapping which may be the other group at work—or it *may* be an enemy counter-sap !). Mr. Beloff is a tunneller from the Western end, and, speaking as a modest tunneller in the opposite direction, I would say that he had kept his bearings remarkably well. He himself covers Soviet policy in China, Japan, and Korea, while South-East Asia is dealt with in a chapter by Dr. Joseph Frankel in whose effective picture of Communist activity in that region the Soviet itself appears as a remote and shadowy figure (which it is). Mr. Beloff is inclined, on the whole, to accept the explanations of the Soviet motives in the Far East offered by Mr. C. P. Fitzgerald in his now celebrated book, *Revolution in China*. The present study forms another plank in the raised platform erected by Benjamin Schwartz, Conrad Brandt and his associates, and E. H. Carr (in Vol. III of his *History of Soviet Russia*) from which the student of international affairs can survey the broad perspective of Far Eastern politics.

Mr. Hudson's book is in a different category from the others. It is a collection of eighteen occasional pieces, only seven of which relate to Asia. To Mr. Hudson, the " New Asia " is neither welcome nor irremediable. In his article, " Why Asia Hates the West," he attributes this hatred, not, primarily, to a natural reaction to some centuries of Western coercion, to " Colonialism " or the " Opium War," but to the " frustration instilled in Asians by their backwardness, which is ultimately a feeling of dissatisfaction with themselves "—in other words, to an " inferiority complex." In the Asian tendency to attribute all evil to " Imperialism," he finds a " paranoiac construction as crazy and impervious to reason as the anti-Semitism of the Reich." Mr. Hudson believes in the forcible containment of Communism in Asia and advocates a Pacific Pact (from which " neutralist " countries like India can stay out). Like others unsympathetic towards the new China, he seeks for signs of disruptive forces. One of them he finds in the traditional feud between North and South China (the fact that a southern tribe, the Hakkas, are the hard core of South-East Asian Communism should discourage him from drawing too much comfort from this source). Most of the book is written in an erudite and polished style and it is only in quotation that the author sounds petulant or disgruntled. Mr. Hudson's centricity is Graeco-Roman ; he tends to find his heroes and his policies in past centuries (if Castlereagh had been alive, he says, there would have been no Yalta) ; and his attitude towards " the East " would have been thought correct in pre-war Poona or Shanghai. But he is too much of a historian to back the theory of " the stab in the back in '47 "—on the contrary he cites the British withdrawal from India as a proof that Lenin was wrong in saying that imperialism, by its very nature, could never " withdraw " from a dependency.

VICTOR PURCELL

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

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Without Veils. (Gladys Cooper.) By SEWELL STOKES. *Peter Davies.* 15*s.*

Still they come. Three more immensely gifted public performers tell us their stories, three well-known faces gazing out at us from the glossy dust-jackets, Miss Cooper in a sou'-wester, dashingly scanning the horizon for land, Miss Courtneidge under the astonishing hat she wore in *Gay's the Word*, and with Pan-pipes poised for action, and Mr. Crosby displaying the calm smile of a man who has confidence in his toupet. The two ladies will not take it amiss if I say that the less young our stars become, the more they are adored by the British public. We even like to think them older than they are; 73 is the popular age, as any matinée lady biting into her mid-afternoon madeira could tell you. When Marie Tempest was 65, I heard one of these comfortable theatregoers proudly announce her as being 78; upon which, her companion, as well she might, went " Tch ! " English audiences, watching their loved ones achieve upon the stage things which they could more conveniently have achieved 20 years before, see them, eyes misty with emotion, as they then were.

In theatrical autobiographies one seeks in vain for something about the technique of acting, and of comedy acting in particular. On this subject the stars are strangely silent. Perhaps, so instinctive are their timing and effects, there is nothing they can tell us, but one would welcome an attempt, gladly forgoing, if space demands it, the wealth-of-old-oak, bliss-it-was-to-relax, country cottage section.

Success and publicity have kept us well posted down the years on the agreeable subjects of Miss Cooper and Miss Courtneidge, but we know less of Mr. Crosby. His book is as engagingly unstudied as are, apparently, his performances. The way up to his " highly lucrative connections " has not all been easy. For a time he rose at 4 a.m. and operated a paper round. He has worked in the Spokane Post Office, in the property department of the Spokane Auditorium Theatre (Al Jolson, when not on stage, darted into the box-office and counted the till), and he has even played baseball for the Spokane Ideal Laundry.

Mr. Crosby is modest about his abilities : " That's just about all I am, a light comedian. I'm not a very funny fellow and I'm not a very serious fellow either. Neither do I give off a terribly romantic aroma." There is certainly no attempt at romance. We learn about his " wingy " ears which used to be pinned to his head with spirit gum until he " looked like a whippet in full flight." The heat, it seems, used to loosen the stickum and nowadays we are allowed to see him *au naturel*. We learn about his hirsute embellishment (known in the trade as a scalp doily): " not that it's such a chore to put on, but the glue in it makes my forehead itch." Any signs of vanity were briskly dealt with by Mrs. Crosby, who called him The Bumptious Baritone or Ole Gravel Throat " whenever she thought my ego was getting out of hand."

This is a pleasant book whose attraction is increased by good photographs and a reasonable price. Those who wonder about the expense of Hollywood films may care to view a morning on the set with Marion Davies.

> Our average day's shooting went like this. I'd show at nine o'clock, made up and ready to shoot . . . When the orchestra showed up at eleven with Marion, it broke into her favourite songs . . . We enjoyed the musicale until eleven-thirty; then we'd discuss the first scene with Raoul, who, up to that time, might have been leading the orchestra, or practising driving golf balls into a canvas net on the set, or playing blackjack or rummy with a prop. man and an assistant director. By that time it was twelve-fifteen or twelve-thirty. Luncheon was announced for the heads of different departments and the leading players, and we repaired to Marion's bungalow for a mid-day collation.

Miss Courtneidge is, in print, as bright and amusing as she is in her profession, and her book is a warm and enthusiastic record of a busy, happy life. We can overlook an occasional inaccuracy (who, in heaven's name, are Kathleen Cornell and Lynn Fontaine ?) and admire her rare courage in reproducing the disastrous notices given to *Under the Counter* in New York. She was called " A commoner's Beatrice Lillie " and " Miss Benzidrene 1947." A particularly stinging review ended with " There'll always be an England for her to go back to." Miss Courtneidge loses nothing by these cruel quotations; it is the critics who are discredited.

Mr. Sewell's account of Miss Cooper has a foreword by Mr. Somerset Maugham and is a rich, gossipy mixture, decorated with some delightful photographs of a beautiful face, a face upon which Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield instantly pounced, as it were, for their postcard public. Miss Cooper sat for them once a month, and her anonymous beauty went round the world. She was seen as a wee Scottish lassie beneath a tam-o'-shanter, as a lady skater removing her skates from a pair of patent leather shoes, as a bather taking a header into far too rough a sea. She appeared in an elaborate evening gown dreaming of a Highland soldier (inset), in a knitted sports jacket, playing golf, and wearing a linen sunbonnet and urging us to

> Smile, smile and yet again smile,
> And I'm sure you will find it true,
> That a sunshiny smile spreads mile by mile
> Till the whole world smiles with you.

It is a far cry from such delights to the extremely competent actress she has long since become, and Mr. Stokes is a pleasant travelling companion. There are several excellent stories : of Gertie Millar (" There's nothing in this world like cold roast beef for freshening one up "), of the Gladys Cooper beauty cream (it contained, apparently, gin), of Mrs. Patrick Campbell booming at an opera performance by Flagstadt " Who do you say she is ? Who ? But she's a washerwoman, a washerwoman." One of the best stories is told by Miss Cooper against herself. Being given one evening a lift in an old lady's car, and hoping at the end of the journey to impress her, Miss Cooper announced " rather smugly " that she was Gladys Cooper. The old lady had never heard of her. " Oh, yes," she said. " Well, I'm Mrs. Crisp. Good night."

ARTHUR MARSHALL

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Mr. Hiscocks represented the British Council in Vienna from 1946 until 1949. He met the political leaders, took an intelligent interest in cultural activities, and watched Austrian recovery with warm sympathy. His book is much what one would expect. It gives a clear, competent account of political events from Renner's first negotiations with the Russians to the coalition government of the present day. It explains four-power control and the endless delays in concluding a peace treaty. The restoration of the currency and the later financial problems are discussed in detail. The Austrians are praised for their refusal to vote Communist; and their contribution to European culture is emphasised. There is nothing wrong with the book except its cautious official tone. It reads more like a brochure from a travel company, somewhat extended, than a serious study in politics. Everyone is praised, including even the Russian occupying forces. Mr. Hiscocks manages to give an account of the fighting in February, 1934, without condemning either Dollfuss or the Socialists.

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nothing. The Austrians were apparently "engaged in a struggle in which most of them did not believe." They are loyal to a German culture in "an age when the Austrians, not the Prussians, set the tone." This is odd when one considers that Hitler himself was an Austrian and that all his ideas were learnt from Austrian politicians. The only German resistance to Hitler came from Prussians; and his most strenuous supporters were Austrians. Maybe one should not rake over these ashes of the past. But a political observer will run into trouble, if he tries to build up a democratic tradition in Austria, which is absent in Germany.

The old Austrian republic had two elements which distinguished it from Germany—the Jews and the Social Democrats. Viennese cultural life, from the university to the concert house, rested on the Jews; and they have perished. What remains of Austrian culture is as deep and genuine as the Scottish culture of the Highland games. It is something patiently kept going for the benefit of foreign tourists. The Social Democrats have revived in name only. "Austro-Marxism" is dead, and the revolutionary impulse along with it. The Austrian Socialists of the present day are cautious, practical managers, who would feel at home in the Trades Union Congress. The old Socialists were unique. The new ones are no better and no worse than social reformers elsewhere. This is not surprising. Vienna was once the capital of a cosmopolitan Empire. And the leaders of Vienna continued to think on an imperial scale even when the Empire had vanished. Now the tradition is broken; and all that remains in Austria is the politics of the parish pump. The territorial fragment called Austria has to be kept going despite the slow process of decay. But it has neither a separate nationality nor any chance of independent economic existence. Mr. Hiscocks remarks that Hitler was on the right lines without knowing it. "The legacy of Hitler, the arch-nationalist, will fit less readily into a continent of self-sufficient States than into a Europe that has achieved some degree of economic co-operation."

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In 1945, as in 1918, Austria was ordered into existence by the will of the Great Powers; and it will remain in existence so long as the Great Powers continue their order. Birth and rebirth are quite a different matter. They spring from organic growth and rest on the will of the people. It is a great mistake to confuse the two. The existence of Austria may be necessary; but those who demand something more than a mechanical contrivance will find that they have a stillbirth on their hands.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

WORDS AND TECHNIQUES

Poetic Process. By GEORGE WHALLEY. *Routledge*. 21*s*.

Aspects of Language. By W. J. ENTWISTLE. *Faber*. 50*s*.

Mr Whalley draws a radical distinction between the "prelogical," contemplative, integrative processes on which the arts depend and the technical, logical, analytic processes of scientific thought; the first is the more fundamental and inherently involves judgments of value. This does not seem very controversial. But, as he takes it, he has to confuse his own terms even in trying to define them, because "poetry constantly strives towards a wholeness in which all technical distinctions interfuse and are obliterated." Thus in the highest forms of metaphor "the words say exactly what they mean, refer quite explicitly to what they say, and are in no evident way figurative or allusive"—in fact are not metaphorical. He cites the famous calm at sea:

No use of lanthorns, and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, today and yesterday.

The details are "resonant," he says, and I agree, but what use is the term *metaphor* if it must cover that? It becomes only a cry of praise. In the same way, we find, a rhythm never repeats, no symbolical meaning ever reveals itself completely, a poem though inherently moral is necessarily bad if it expresses a moral, and a myth ought not to tell a story (because "narrative order is a logical order," and that is the enemy). As to the highest forms of Imagination, Mr. Whalley has a fine quotation from Coleridge: "the poet wishes to express . . . the substitution of a sublime feeling for the unimaginable for a mere image," and says "it is only a convenient device to use the term 'image' as if we could, by thinking, detach a single image from its matrix of feeling." None of it seems at all convenient to me.

He says rather gracefully in the foreword that he went through the book trying to take out his "note of asperity" against science, but felt he couldn't, because there is so much materialism in North America (he writes from Toronto) which no doubt is invading Europe now. The word *material* has become fascinatingly confused. All that sexiness on the campus, that craving for a shiny motor-car—those states of mind are material; but a printed page by Mr. Whalley, when he has got into a real muddle—that's a spiritual thing, like a star. My students in Peking, dialectical materialists of course, their eyes shining with idealism and mutual aid, taking their asceticism for granted, would sometimes write down in two consecutive sentences that the Americans were wicked because they were so material and that the Russians were good because they were so material. When I pointed this out, they quite saw it was against the rules but only wanted to know how to express the sentiment correctly. It does not seem to have much to do with science. I cannot see that any of Mr. Whalley's views depend on ignoring such knowledge as we have about the little grey cells; indeed to suggest, as his book does, that you can't believe in Value at all unless you ignore them seems to me a counsel of despair. The mind is a great mystery, even in the beasts, but we need not invent this terrible dichotomy for it. Which is learning to ride a bicycle, contemplative or analytic?

The massive book of the late Professor Entwistle is also affected by the swing away from mechanism, a healthy change no doubt in linguistic theory. He views language as doing on the whole what the speakers want; Plato and Aristotle seem to pluck philosophical rabbits out of the empty linguistic air, but their language had been training to do it for generations. This humane approach, however, makes him treat the more savage languages, by contrast, as practically sub-human, a tendency which might have bad practical effects. I am not competent to review this learned book, but I have read several of the kind, with the eye somehow content to pick up nice bits (as here that the derivation *lucus a non lucendo* was after all correct), and I never understand how the examples are chosen. You may get them from a dozen languages on one point, too many if only definiteness is wanted, too few for a survey, and without even being told whether they are chosen as typical or peculiar examples. A short paragraph here (p. 224) seemed particularly strange. A sentence about the genitive connecting nouns in Semitic (as in the Bible, presumably, but that isn't said). A stern warning that it is hard to distinguish a postposition from a case-suffix. A sad little aside that perhaps there isn't any difference. A philosophical reflection, obviously untrue, that position in space is the fundamental characteristic of nouns. And then the clincher: "The Bantu system of locations is not highly developed."

The Bantu use ideophones, which "are expressive but not intelligible, like a baby's expression *to go bye-bye*" (it seems possible that somebody else understood the baby, though not the professor). "The 160 ideophones listed by Doke are all sensual; they include such impressions as . . . 'putting away carefully,' 'issuing in numbers,' 'guilty looks'." Now what can possibly be meant by calling such ideas "sensual," except to express contempt? I take it the words are grammatically peculiar, and in English would be called idiomatic, but there is nothing savage about them. The language of the Australian Arunta, to plunge deeper, is pre-grammatical; he is too dull to invent genders (oddly enough, on a distant page, the genders in French are also called pre-grammatical). He cannot have a future tense because he "makes no provision for the future" (I would not believe this of a duck-billed platypus). There is an entrancing proof that he has no notion of self: "An Arunta, when shown his photograph, recognised in it HIMSELF, his brother, and his totemic animal. His life was entirely that of his clan and he had no notion of self." This is to show that he couldn't have a first personal pronoun. I hope they pinched him to see if he rubbed one of his sibs.

W. EMPSON

THE POET OF DESPAIR

Leopardi. A Study in Solitude. By IRIS ORIGO. *Hamish Hamilton*. 21*s*.

Despair without horror is an unusual quality in a poet. It might lead one to suspect either his sincerity or his sensitivity, particularly in an age which ran from Blake, de Sade and Hoffmann to Poe, Baudelaire and Lautréamont, and which certainly had the nightmare in its blood. Yet the worst of Leopardi's nightmares was of the moon falling down into a peasant's field, leaving a small jagged hole in the sky. However dreadful the symbolism for Leopardi, for whose verse "pale" and "lunar" have become the traditional impressionistic adjectives, it cuts little ice beside those more monstrous pictures containing, in some form or other, a human figure. To quote from Santayana's foreword to the present book: Leopardi's vision was "saturated with anguish; narrowed by it, no doubt, but not distorted."

Yet this might have been the classic case of distortion and a critic unable to shed his post-Freudian prejudices will always read Leopardi with an uneasy feeling that he has been robbed.

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The poet grew up in a stagnant town in the Marches, "a sepulchre in which the dead are happier than the living." A wardress-like mother constantly watched and mortified the children she regretted having brought into the world, while a timid father with some literary talent was inhibited by pride of race from ever effectively communicating his deep affection for his son. Parents and priestly retainers fostered a stifling atmosphere of ingrown Catholicism. In early boyhood Leopardi cloistered himself in his father's library, and found himself seven years later with an exceptional knowledge of the ancient languages but physically disfigured by a curvature of the spine which must have been accentuated by his sedentary life, even if not caused by it. Henceforth for his young contemporaries he was *il gobbo*—the hunchback. He fell in love, but always at a distance, and seems never at any time to have met with a sexual response in any woman. Though he eventually escaped from his detested home, the outside world disappointed him. In fact his restless adolescence at Recanati came more and more to symbolise lost happiness. But unhappiness in Leopardi did not turn sour. The bitterness in his work is uncomplicated, there is no trace of the macabre—only an enormous and limpid weariness merging almost effortlessly into the death-wish.

In a chapter on the *Operette Morali*, Iris Origo discusses the weariness with which Leopardi had every private reason to be afflicted, even if it had not been the prevalent disease of the time. As a general malady, it is related to the almost simultaneous collapse of two opposing systems based on faith and reason—a collapse more apparent than real but just as devastating in its effects on the individual, since it was before all a failure of forms. The resulting liberation of uncommitted emotion could only lead to the point at which, in Chateaubriand's phrase, *sans avoir usé de rien, on est désabusé de tout*. The promises held out by literature gave readers ideas above their emotional station (the snobbery of feeling, finally exposed in *Madame Bovary*), or—as in Leopardi's case—above anything that could possibly be approached in lived experience. The romantic disillusionment has no exact parallel. While it may have been similar in its outward effects to, for instance, the medieval *accidia*, the historical causes were different; so was the contemporary attitude towards it. *Accidia* was one of the seven deadly sins and had no apologists. *Ennui* was pride and sloth combined and was typically exalted by Leopardi as

> The most sublime of human sentiments. . . . To be unable to be satisfied by earthly good—even, so to speak, by the whole world—to accuse life of insufficiency and nothingness—that seems to me to be the chief sign of the greatness and nobility that exists in human nature.

That this was making a creed from a necessity becomes obvious to the reader of this biography, now republished after eighteen years with the incorporation of new material and the re-casting of certain passages and judgments. The central figure is not, however, modified in any essential. The seemingly flat life acquires relief through the patient accumulation of significant detail and a sure touch in presenting it. Even those whom Leopardi's philosophy exasperates should find considerable interest in the skilful reconstruction of the Italian scene of the time.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

SHAW AND THE FABIANS

Shaw and Society. Edited by C. E. M. JOAD. *Odhams.* 16s.

The best things in this co-operative volume are by Shaw himself. There is no living writer, with the possible exception of Sartre, who could invent a psychological masterpiece to match the long speech of the Inquisitor from *St. Joan.* Lilith's revelation from *Methuselah* lacks nothing but a pattern in its rhythms to rank as a great poem. Several of the essays about Shaw are worthy of him. At 85 S. K. Ratcliffe has surpassed himself in a delightful chapter of recollections. He stresses what is often forgotten, that half a century back the platform counted for more in politics than the printed page, and that Shaw's technique in speaking was as accomplished as his literary style. To be sure, his influence suffered from "the demon of excess" that beset him and from his reputation as "an incurable jester." I should add another qualification. With all his virtuosity, Shaw lacked the power which a modest mind like Keir Hardie's possessed, to fuse the individuals who heard him into a group capable of more generous emotions than those of every day.

Another contribution that could hardly be bettered is Benn W. Levy's lecture on Shaw the playwright, which emphasises his genius as a debater. He banished villains from his theatre and was "as forbearing and comprehending with his sinners as Shakespeare." To each of them he allowed a powerful defence. Himself "the most polemical and opinionated of men," he "introduced the non-propagandist play." This is an arresting paradox, so nearly true that one hesitates to question it. But in the end Shaw did see to it that "the Whig dogs should not have the best of it"

By far the most memorable chapter is Kingsley Martin's with its anecdotes about Shaw and Wells. Shaw enjoyed teasing Wells, but once his victim got his own back. After Shaw had been complaining that he was always mobbed in the streets of London, Wells chirped in his thin falsetto, "But if you don't like publicity, Shaw, why don't you cut off your beard?" Characteristic of both of them were their replies when Kingsley Martin asked for their consent to republish the correspondence on Wells's famous interview with Stalin. Wells instantly agreed: "Shaw has behaved like a cad and ought to be exposed." Shaw at first refused: "My old friend Wells has made a perfect ass of himself, and I would not like this to be put on permanent record."

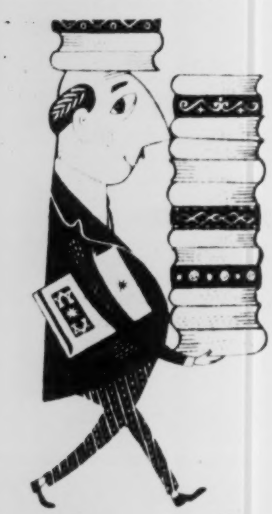
The brilliant letter in which Shaw recommended imperturbability to editors seems to me as wrong as it is right. "A newspaper will kill its editor if he cannot announce the Day of Judgment without turning a hair." That editor might live to be an Ancient, but he would make no converts and leave not a trace on history. My own reading of Shaw was that his was at bottom a deeply emotional nature. He invented the mask "G.B.S.," half clown, half logic-chopper, in order to conceal the warmth of his feelings. But Jung may have been right in the verdict quoted here, that Shaw's scoffing at love and all the deeper things in life was a proof "that he was a Peter Pan who had managed to evade real experience."

Cyril Joad could not help writing well even in his last painful illness, but his essay on Shaw's "philosophy" is disappointing. Shaw's "creative evolution" was a glowing myth, but underneath his intuition there lay a truth which Joad could have made acceptable by stripping it of its naive vitalism and its fatal assumption of the absolute difference between life and matter. For Joad and his contemporaries Shaw was the liberator who saved their souls from Victorianism. My older generation, with what help it could get from Marx, Frazer and Freud, had to free itself without his aid. It was the plays that made me endlessly his debtor and not his political writings. For me the Boer War was the most sordid of all our adventures in capitalistic Imperialism, and I never recovered from the shock that Shaw and the Webbs administered when they declared that it was an issue "which Socialism cannot solve and does not touch." Thereafter, though I had pioneered in starting a Fabian Society at Glasgow University, I took J. A. Hobson as my teacher and his seminal *Imperialism* as my inspiration.

Leonard Woolf writes that Shaw "had no effect at all upon the practice of British Socialism or upon the policy of the Labour Party." For this blunt truth he compensates by exaggerating the influence of the Webbs. Through the L.C.C. Sidney was always a power in London, and round about 1918 his influence was decisive in shaping the policy of the Labour Party. But as I recall its history, its real origin was in the industrial north in the early eighteen-nineties, and in so far as one can trace a largely spontaneous mass movement to personalities, it was Hardie and Blatchford who made its atmosphere. They could move the common man, a gift denied to the Webbs. Emotion, not intellect, is the dynamic of history. To suggest that any one person or even two could impose the "gradualist" technique on the British working class is to relapse into the "great man" theory of human development. It was in their Trade Union lodges and dissenting chapels during many generations that the workers learned to turn away instinctively from a catastrophic strategy. Any personal influence the Webbs once had in this direction they undid when they threw over Fabian Socialism and excused the worst of Stalin's barbarities.

This essay ends with a surprising attack on those of us who are not convinced that the Welfare State is leading to Socialism. Kingsley Martin had pointed out that while Labour's policy has brought about a welcome advance towards equality of incomes it has neglected the whole question of capital accumulation. He assumed (as I also should) that in the long run Socialism must mean "the nationalisation of all the means of production, distribution and exchange, coupled with a large measure of workers' control and the confiscation of all private accumulations of property." It should be possible for a writer of Woolf's distinction to discuss such an issue without suggesting that Martin and the rest of us are revolutionary sadists bent on producing "large-scale social hatred and the mass misery of those whom you hate." One may think that the few ought not to live on the labour of others without being exposed to this charge. There are ways of ending the inheritance and accumulation of property which need inflict no misery. But perhaps I have misunderstood this essay, for my old friend Woolf believes in equality.

H. N. BRAILSFORD



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NON PIÙ MESTA

Singer and Accompanist. By GERALD MOORE. *Methuen.* 25*s.*
Cinderella No More. By LIONEL TERTIS. *Peter Nevill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Suite in Four Movements. By ERIC COATES. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Old record labels used to say just "With Piano Accompaniment." Gerald Moore tells (not in this book) how annoyed Kipnis was when he first found the name of a young Englishman placed beneath his own on the labels of his Lieder records. Today, as a matter of course, Mr. Moore gets "star billing" together with the soloist; but then he, as well as Mr. Tertis, might have called his book *Cinderella No More.* There were, of course, famous accompanists before Gerald Moore, but he has been the most vocal of them. In lecture-recitals he has made even TV audiences aware that accompanying is an art.

Singer and accompanist, unlike a piano and violin duo, are not an equal partnership: it is up to the singer to settle the interpretation. She may, like Seefried, decide that "Wer rief dich denn?" from the *Italienisches Liederbuch* is a straightforward expression of scorn; she may, like Schwarzkopf (and rightly, I feel), sense a breaking heart behind the angry phrases; in either case it is up to the accompanist to agree with her, and make his piano postlude indicative of the assumed character. Gerald Moore—one feels sure of it after reading this book—argues and persuades before the concert: at the performance he does all he can to heighten the singer's art.

I don't suppose in rehearsal he actually says reprovingly, "Elena Gerhardt used to sing that phrase in *one* breath," or "Rethberg would brighten her tone here"—but he tells us this sort of thing in his book. He writes about both singer and accompanist, and is uncommonly interesting on each. After working for some 30 years with the foremost Lieder interpreters he knows how most songs ought to go. "Pierre Bernac, who sings this song [*L'Invitation au Voyage*] so beautifully, does not breathe in bar 4. He observes the quaver rest, of course, but breathes after 'soeur' and after 'douceur' where Duparc has put a comma." What gives Mr. Moore's accompaniment such rare distinction is its imaginative power. He has devoted thought to every phrase—so much so that we are often reminded of Schnabel's favourite piece of (adversely intended) criticism: "He even played the *passage-work* as if it meant something!" A long quotation is needed to illustrate this. Mr. Moore is writing about *Die Forelle*:

> Anyone who has appreciated the sinuous movement of a fish as it shoots along with two or three flicks of its tail, then gently glides, flicks and glides again, can see how Schubert has suggested this in the accompaniment. Almost throughout the entire song the rhythmical pattern remains the same with the flickering semiquaver figure in the first half of the bar and the moveless glide in the second half. To convey this picture a slight *rubato* should be allowed. I feel that the second half of the bar may occasionally, but not with regularity, be given a fraction more time than the first half of the bar by the slightest suggestion of *tenuto* on the accented quaver . . .
>
> The comparison I made above to the movement of a fish can be carried even further. We can say that in bar 1 he is near the surface of the stream, in 2 and 3 deeper, in 4 and 5 at the river bottom and almost indiscernible. A careful perusal of Schubert's markings will prove that the composer must have had some such message to impart to us by the descent through three octaves of the flickering figure and by the reduction in tone from a *piano* to a *pianissimo.* Does the reader accuse me of exaggerating Schubert's intentions out of all proportion? Well, better that than sticking in the mud at the bottom of the stream with one's imagination bogged down.

Mr. Moore's publishers have been amazingly generous in allowing him enough music-type to illustrate all his points: there is no need to go ferreting for scores while reading his pages. The fifty songs chosen for study are English, French, Russian and Spanish as well as German. *Singer and Accompanist* is a fascinating book, filled with good sense, clear thinking, imagination, and technical "secrets" (how Mr. Moore manages *Erlkönig*, for example, or how he discreetly revises Brahms's markings). The lists of gramophone records would be more useful if they discriminated between collectors' rarities, and the ordinary discs which anyone can buy.

Lionel Tertis, in *Cinderella No More*, pays tribute to Gerald Moore as an instrumental accompanist, "the only collaborator with whom I should feel perfectly safe in playing a work in public without rehearsal." But his short autobiography is loosely written, and ineffectually rambling. A pity, for Mr. Tertis's career which established the viola as a worthy solo instrument, should have been interesting reading: a "story" has been missed. Tertis was an intensely individual, poetical player. His pupil, Eric Coates, describes in *Suite in Four Movements*

> the glorious tone which seemed to permeate the entire room. It went from a tremendously vital, white-hot fortissimo down to a trembling, limpid pianissimo so distant that it was difficult to sense whence the mysterious sound could be coming.

That "sense—whence" is an uncharacteristic awkwardness in Mr. Coates's writing: generally he shows as nice an ear for words, almost, as for instruments; his autobiography is as well constructed as (and to many minds will be far more interesting than) his light concert suites. One need not admire the *Knightsbridge March* to enjoy this book. Coates played the viola in the short-lived Beecham Philharmonic, and then for eight years under Sir Henry Wood. He writes about his studentship at the Royal Academy under Mackenzie, and his years in the orchestral ranks, with fun and shrewd sense, and has a happy gift of phrase ("Holst . . . standing up there, stick in hand, peering at us through his spectacles as if he were contemplating a lot of performing seals"). Though there is interesting comment on, say, Elgar's way of writing for the strings, this is not a purely musical autobiography, but a record of a full and happy life.

ANDREW PORTER

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THE FUNNIES

The Private Dining Room. By OGDEN NASH. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Hands Across the Caviar. By CHARLES THAYER. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
The Girls From Esquire. *Barker.* 15*s.*
With Malice Toward Women. Ed. JUSTIN KAPLAN. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Souls in Torment. By RONALD SEARLE. *Perpetua.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Down With Skool! By GEOFFREY WILLANS and RONALD SEARLE. *Max Parrish.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Standing Room Only. By JANE HOPE. *Evans.* 6*s.*
The Shaggy Dog Story. By ERIC PARTRIDGE. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

For some time now the well of American humour has been drying up. Benchley is dead, Perelman stale, Dorothy Parker no longer seems to favour us: only the cartoonists and one minor poet flow on happily. In his last book, Ogden Nash achieved at least one poem that seems likely to outlast the dust covers, *A Carol for Children.* The title poem of his new collection, *The Private Dining Room* is certainly another. It ranks with the best of Betjeman in charming dexterity. The rhymes, though unexpected, have none of the coyness and artifice that often flaw this writer's work: only too tempting to read out loud, it is a sure-fire anthology piece one will always be glad to come across. The rest of the verses are much more uneven, some long build-ups to a pun, which don't bear much re-reading, others, brilliant little epigrams such as *Hi-ho The Ambulance-O:*

> People on wheels hate people on feet,
> It takes two to make a one-way street.
> Traffic commissions plan and study,
> And nearly every is a body.

The picture Nash presents of himself is the traditional one of an American humourist, incompetent, well-read, out of touch with the loud commercialism of modern life, a chick-pecked rooster on an asphalt run. It is, naturally, a very likeable figure which emerges, the spirit of *The New Yorker*: amateur nonconformity by a satirist whose targets, if not very dangerous, are usually squarely hit. At times it is possible to wish he were a little more adventurous, less fuddy-duddy. But he obviously recognises his own limitations, and within them continues to supply us with the best light verse now being published.

The other American books make a curious assortment. *Hands Across the Caviar* is Charles Thayer's second volume of diplomatic anecdotes about the Russians, diplomatic in two senses, since the English reader may be tempted to feel that some of the judgments have been touched up a little so as to leave no doubt that the author is no crypto. Nevertheless, this is an agreeable book, with a most convincing account of what life with the Jugoslav Partisans was like: eight-course banquets for visiting generals, chaos on the airstrip, an alarming ambivalence on the part of Tito and his henchmen, and the usual grim struggle for billets. Mr. Thayer is never facetious, and makes no attempt to present himself in any particular light, while his account of the official Army mind, whether British, American, Jugoslav or Russian, should evoke a dreadfully mingled response from anyone who has ever had dealings with it.

The Girls From Esquire, by comparison, is mostly warmed-up slops. Noticing rather belatedly that *Esquire* devoted much of its space to articles or stories about women, the editors decided, they say, to reprint some of the choicer pieces. These include a ghoulish John Steinbeck (*A Snake of One's Own*), James Jones feverishly hitching his virility up, as though the elastic were loose (*Two Legs for the Two of Us*), a remarkably silly story by Irwin Shaw (*The Convert*), Elliot Paul on Gertrude Stein, John Dos Passos on Isadora Duncan, Robert E. Lauterbach trotting out the old Dorothy Parker witticisms yet again, and several high school essays in female psychology, with such titles as "Marriage Makes

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Strange Bedfellows" and "Have you a Mistress?" There is also a chart by George Antheil, showing you which woman is which. It is a relief to turn from this to some honest scissors-and-paste work in Justin Kaplan's anthology of misogyny *With Malice Towards Women.* The well-adjusted need not bother; others may find Philip Wylie's splendid diatribe from *Generation of Vipers* almost worth the price of admission.

Ronald Searle is fast becoming the problem child of native cartoonists. Where most stick to the lines which have made them famous, Mr. Searle is branching out. *Souls in Torment* finally kills St. Trinian's, which his admirers can only rejoice at; but what is left seems to me only intermittently funny. The influence of Steinberg and Charles Addams is strong—there is one cartoon that even the latter might have boggled at—and the Morbid Anatomies section simply corny. "How to get a Rise" has some good things in it ("I think I ought to tell you, sir, Brown's are trying to pump me about next year's programme"), and indeed there are good cartoons scattered throughout. But they do not make up a book, in spite of the care that Perpetua Press has taken over the layout and paper. I think that possibly this cartoonist is much at his best as an illustrator. His draughtsmanship is witty in itself: the comic slant that makes a satisfactory cartoon seems to be lacking. Certainly Geoffrey Willans's *Down With Skool!* owes a great deal to the drawings: the Scenes in the Life of Pythagoras alone are better than many of the pages of *Souls in Torment.* Schoolboy humour from *Punch,* with comic spelling, is not a prospect to thrill every heart, but Geoffrey Willans has a genuine understanding of his horrible Molesworth, and a great deal of the book is very funny indeed. Jane Hope's modest piece of facetiousness suffers by comparison, and her illustrations, though apt enough, pale beside Searle's "Parents at a Glance." *Standing Room Only* will appeal most strongly to teachers, who should realise only too well how much bitter experience has gone to its making.

There is little space to discuss *The Shaggy Dog Story,* which is just as well in view of the respect in which its author must be held. Mr. Partridge admits to never having heard the term "Shaggy Dog" until 1946, and his slim volume can best be described, in a word which he unearthed, as mundungus.

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RECONDITIONED HISTORY

Brett's History of Psychology. Edited and abridged by R. S. PETERS. *Allen & Unwin.* 42*s.*

Psychology has a long past, it has been said, but a short history. Though the idea of a psychological system is at least as old as Aristotle, psychology as an empirical discipline dates only from the middle of the last century. Among those who have occupied themselves with the past (rather than with the history) of psychology, the late G. S. Brett holds an outstanding place. The first volume of his *History,* devoted almost entirely to ancient and patristic doctrines, appeared in 1912 and was followed in 1921 by a second and third covering the medieval and modern periods. In these erudite, if discursive, volumes, Professor Brett showed himself extraordinarily receptive to the whole idea of psychological (as opposed to philosophical, theological or physical) explanation and traced with unusual skill the gradual evolution of what is now called psychological theory. His work rapidly won a reputation for dignity and scholarship only too rare in modern psychology and did much to convince the sceptical that the subject possessed a past no more shady than that of any other biological science.

Dr. Peters has now abridged the three stout volumes to the size of one. He does not discuss the purpose of such a drastic proceeding—at a rough guess, 100 of Brett's words have shrunk to 75—though his own evident admiration of Brett's achievement might suggest that the inspiration was not principally his. Dr. Peters's aim, moreover, is by no means limited to condensation. He has thought fit to impose a "philosophical framework" upon the material which, he conceives, serves to raise "many points of methodological interest in connexion with a variety of psychological enquiries." This somewhat curious ambition is realised in three ways. First, Dr. Peters contributes an introductory chapter designed to provide a "logical apparatus" for the exposition of Brett's narrative. Secondly, he has re-organised the text in such a way as to provide appropriate fuel for his apparatus. Thirdly, he has written (with some assistance from his colleagues) a long concluding chapter upon twentieth-century trends in psychology. These various modifications, additions and omissions impose an arrangement upon the material so far removed from the style, intention and philosophical outlook of the original author as to result in what is to all intents and purposes a new book.

The "logical apparatus" favoured by Dr. Peters owes much to the teaching of Professor Popper and not a little to modern American writers (some of them, alas, not very good) on scientific method. Although much of this work is original and stimulating, it is a little difficult to see what it has to do with the writing (or re-writing) of history. Moreover, despite Dr. Peters's protestation that his treatment does no violence to Brett's historical approach, in point of fact he has altered the course of psychological history at many points. To give but one example, the omission of Brett's section on nineteenth-century French psychology results in no reference whatsoever being made to the influence of Bergson. Certainly Bergson's romantic ideas can be compressed with difficulty (if at all) within the framework of any current "logical apparatus." None the less, he existed.

It is natural that special interest should attach to the new final chapter, which attempts to survey the whole of contemporary psychology. Unfortunately, the "twentieth-century trends" outlined in this chapter lack coherence with the general body of the text and leave one in no doubt that the locus of survey was the top floor of a brand-new building in Malet Street. It is certainly difficult to imagine the late Professor Brett surveying the contemporary psychological scene from this particular point of vantage. Had he done so, moreover, it is impossible to believe that he would have accorded so much space to mediocre American writing on methodology or neglected so consistently all modern Continental work other than the few texts which have been translated into English. (The writings of Janet, Claparède, Michotte, Piéron, Jaspers, Spranger, Rubin, Krueger and Katz are nowhere discussed in the chapter.) Further, he would certainly have taken the trouble to read Pavlov before giving an account of the discovery of the conditioned reflex. Although certain sections of this chapter (in particular that contributed by Mr. Foss on physiological psychology) have real merit, the survey as a whole signally fails to justify the omission of Brett's own concluding chapters.

The philosophical temper of 1951, writes Dr. Peters in his Preface, is very different from that of 1921. In consequence, he suggests, this revised edition will appear to many "more like the Festival of Britain skylon sticking out of the Crystal Palace than the winning design for the reconstruction of Coventry Cathedral." To others, one may add, Dr. Peters's reconditioned history seems to find a more appropriate architectural counterpart in the Records Department of the Ministry of Truth in 1984.

O. L. ZANGWILL

NEW NOVELS

Heirs of the Wind. By MICHELE PRISCO. *Verschoyle.* 15*s.*

The Farmers Hotel. By JOHN O'HARA. *Cresset.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Seas South. By S. B. HOUGH. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Gentian Violet. By EDWARD HYAMS. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

There is a lucid madness in *Heirs of the Wind,* a work of 462 large pages, which tells the story of a police sergeant, Nicola Mazzù, who marries five sisters. The Italian author does his best to make the monster plausible and has been ably abetted by his translator, Violet Macdonald; the prose has continuous breadth and gravity. There is no question of a fanciful tale presented as light entertainment. The pretension is ambitious; symbol and significance walk gravely at the reader's side, allowing him to be amazed but forbidding him to laugh. He keeps up. A compulsion is upon him; and the seditious doubts which intrude later speak in whispers, as if feeling themselves to be out of order.

The sergeant is a bore. Yes, there is his passion to be a landowner, and the way he makes up to Doctor Damiano, richest proprietor in the country district to which duty has detailed him, is credible, is a good subject. The doctor has five daughters. Far and wide there seem to be no eligible young man—or young men. The author spins a lot of matter about how this is somehow the fault of the doctor himself, which he knows and refuses to know. He never really gets to the bottom of this. It has no bottom. The daughters are handled with charm; Francesca, who suffers an unhappy liaison with the "assured and somewhat arrogant" sergeant during his first marriage with her elder sister Antonietta, is a fine creation.

Antonietta falls fatally downstairs; Nerina dies after being out in the rain; Francesca fails to recover from an operation; Giovanna goes mad and kills herself; the doctor, ever sadder and more ineffective, dies; and Lisa decides, on the last page, that she had better complete the circle by proposing to her brother-in-law. He accepts.

"What is it I want?" he asked himself in sudden embarrassment. That was a little earlier, and shows the author already inextricably involved in his own preposterousness. The best of this strange work is a long opening that sketches the social scene with something of Tolstoyan breadth, but steeped in a specifically Italian element, a delicious sexuality.

Monstrous long-windedness gets a deserved rap from John O'Hara's new novel *The Farmers Hotel*. Its masculine economy is a professional job, such a relief. Just a twist of talk, just the shaving of a sentence, and the calculated lightning reliably flickers. "I think he had the understanding they were going to put a main road through here, but where he got his information from, they were wrong." Or—"He was in a pleasant mood and it was plain to see that he liked Pomfret, the affinity between large men."

This is a story about folks, folks. Ira Studebaker and Charlie, his Negro ancient, are presiding over the opening night of Ira's new old-fashioned hotel in a Pennsylvanian village. A blizzard brings oddly assorted guests; nothing for it but to settle down, the settling swings into a party, and how that party does slip down as you read—wonderful. Mr. O'Hara's alpha success here is the delineating of virtue—Ira and Charlie are good men—and next comes his happy picturing of unremarkable life in its off-moments. The violence of his recent manner has been most beneficially curbed. A pity that right at the end he turns a cross-grained lorry-driver, one of his best drawings, into a vicious murderer; for this has the odd effect of blurring the others and weakening, retrospectively, the dark-polish atmosphere of a superbly-told tale.

A certain blankness of self-esteem may be necessary to novelists. But why should a writer capable of careful excellence, as Mr. Hough is, not take the trouble to avoid making himself intolerable by overdoing it and leaving patches of oily drivel all over his excitingly open *Seas South*? "His lips sought hers harshly, with salt upon them like the taste of blood . . ." Oh pish. "He tensed and was instantly wide awake, knowing immediately that he should not hear. Shelley, he thought, with that strange unsettling knowledge of subjects which should have been remote from him . . ." "He," Scorton, master of the yacht *Wanderer*, had merely heard somebody reciting "*O wild west wind.*"

A sea story, a glorious romance. Scorton is a Captain Ahab, but the splendid climax does not send him to the bottom with all hands. No, he escapes from a Spanish gunboat into the open Atlantic with Jane, a lucky London typist. There is a snoring, snorting image of liberation, communicated, just here at the end, towards which Mr. Hough's knotted, sardonic, sometimes petrified prose has been straining. He *has* set this image against the pallid failure of other characters to break out of a red-tape world; he *has* etched guts, shown how Jane had them, and thus extracted the grain of liberation from the chaff of escapism. Very good and original, though Mr. Hough will keep trying to sink the *Wanderer* with heavy psychologising of a banal nature.

Mr. Hyams is a satirist, a character difficult to cultivate in this climate. Perhaps people who contend, as people do, that English humour is inimical to satire have a point in the sense that the satiric vein or vine does seem to need sun; missing that, it tends to sour. The worst in *Gentian Violet* is a sour sort of contempt, shading from thin and sneery to cheap, that slips out especially when politics and the press get in its eye. But this is occasional. At his best, Mr. Hyams writes like an English Malaparte. The structure of *Gentian Violet* is a good joke with hysterical edges: through overwrought logic of circumstances a tongue-gifted young man becomes simultaneously two young Members of Parliament, one Labour, the other Conservative; only a false beard partitions them. There is an exuberant sketch of a war-time training camp for naval recruits.

> The Royal Navy has none of that mean distrust of *amitiés particulières* which disgraces many exclusively male institutions. It punishes certain offences, if they are brought to its notice, severely: in Nelson's time the punishment was death. But it does not anticipate such offences, and treats strong friendships with benevolence rather than suspicion, for the problem of Admiralty is to keep men happy together in conditions little productive of happiness.

Like Malaparte, Mr. Hyams loves an argument, and has the confident sharpness of style and intelligence to start it; but not the buoyancy of outrage, the compulsory hysteria that seizes a terrified morsel of real observation and makes it undergo a maniacal Big Dipper ride. Reckless outrage is a grand pick-me-up. Perhaps Mr. Hyams will defeat this rotten climate. Perhaps he will pick us up. I hope so.

GILES ROMILLY

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Dr. Arnold of Rugby. By NORMAN WYMER. *Hale.* 21*s.*

Many years ago G. F. Bradby, a Rugby housemaster, wrote a school story called *The Lanchester Tradition*. It was about a headmaster who finds his reforms clouded by the shadow that his predecessor's statue throws over the great quadrangle. The tradition of Dr. Lanchester has become a dead weight, a mortmain hanging evilly over the school. The turning point of the book occurs when the Head suggests to a junior colleague that he should look through some of the Doctor's unpublished letters and find out just what sort of a man he really was.

> "I should love it," said Mr. Bent. "You see, we have done what the descendants of prophet-slayers always do. We have hidden away *our* prophet under a shadowy tomb, built out of the very stones that slew him. I should vastly enjoy digging for his bones."

Rugby certainly never hid Dr. Arnold away in this fashion. Yet from the moment the Doctor died in 1842 we can see the cult beginning to work yeastily in his disciples. "My dear Tait," Stanley wrote to Arnold's successor at Rugby,

> the awful intelligence of your election has just reached me . . . I have nothing more to say than that I conjure you . . . to lay aside every thought for the present except that of repairing your deficiencies . . . Read Arnold's sermons. At whatever cost of orthodoxy (so called) throw yourself thoroughly into his spirit. Alter nothing at first. See all that is good and nothing that is bad in the masters and the Rugby character.

Stanley's *Life and Letters* stamped the Doctor's image indelibly on the Victorian imagination. *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and his son's poem *Rugby Chapel* gave the picture its finishing touches. Arnold's self-questioning and spiritual turmoil were forgotten. His gown billowing behind him, his hand resting on Facciolati's Lexicon, the Doctor emerged in the majesty of his *numen* as the "strong soul," 'cheerful, beneficent, firm"—the great preacher, beater and expeller, the builder of Christian gentlemen. Inevitably, in the next century he was a sitting target, an absurd Victorian father-figure to be knocked down by period connoisseurs like Lytton Strachey and later pilloried by progressives like Mr. T. C. Worsley in his brilliant and wrongheaded study of the public schools, *Barbarians and Philistines*.

My Wymer's book provides a useful corrective to the popular view of Arnold. It is not, as its publisher claims, the first "substantial biography to be written of the Doctor since Dean Stanley's *Life*, but Mr. Wymer has had access to a certain amount of unpublished material and he uses it to good effect. His account of Arnold's method at Rugby is admirable, though he seems to ignore the fact that many of its main features, such as the prefect system and the liberalised curriculum, were first introduced by Butler at Shrewsbury. Arnold was a great exponent, not a great innovator. It was his energy and zeal, his god-intoxicated sense of direction, and not any genius for reform, that made him a great headmaster. His claim to be an original thinker lies in a sphere far removed from education. He is a link in that tradition of common-sense Protestantism which began with Bishop Butler and reached a fine controversial flowering in the prose of the late Bishop

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Henson. Some day someone will have to write a full-length study of Arnold's philosophy of Church and State. So far the only person to have attempted it briefly—and brilliantly—is Professor Basil Willey.

John Raymond

DETECTION AND THRILLERS

The Passionate Victims. By Lange Lewis. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Bones in the Barrow. By Josephine Bell. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

So Young to Die. By Gregory Tree. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Stop Press Murder. By Guy Ramsey. *Dakers.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Which Doctor. By Edward Candy. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

While the Coffin Waited. By Juanita Sheridan. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Doctor and the Corpse. By Max Murray. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Death and the Sky Above. By Andrew Garve. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Although no gold medals can be distributed among the autumn crop of detection on show there are a number of entries to be commended for style, for excitement or for just a touch of originality. Miss Lange Lewis can never be dull or insipid, as she plies her trade with such enthusiasm. In *The Passionate Victims* the murder of a teen-aged schoolgirl remains, in spite of a package containing marijuana cigarettes found beside the body, an unsolved mystery until six years later, when a blood-stained glove emerges from hiding to resuscitate the case. The characters have flavour to them; the criminal is rather slyly camouflaged; and the motive for the crime is sufficient. The blots on this pleasant Californian landscape are two enormous detectives who go bungling around until Uncle Mordecai arrives with his nice slant in psychology to rescue them from their incompetence.

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★ **"The whole story seems incredible, only it happens to be true."** *Glasgow Herald.*

4th Impression. 90,000 copies. 16s

ELEK

Miss Bell is another lady who always manages to furbish up her plots with an air of conviction. In *Bones in the Barrow* after a lady's disappearance from Surrey and a judicious interval bones begin to appear in the slums of London and on the South Downs, where the lady's husband has gone to practise a little archæology. Disregarding this all too obvious suspect we start to scour the environs for likely Lotharios. It is a credit to Miss Bell's integrity, if not to her dexterity, that at the first whiff of the skulking fellow we're after, the old hounds amongst us confidently give tongue. By the time David Wintringham catches the scent there is plenty of excitement to follow, but alas! no surprise.

Gregory Tree conducts his crimes on up-to-date lines. Sex and abnormal psychology loom large in *So Young to Die*, a tense and dramatic story of a teen-age killing in America. But *four* characters labouring under insanity are surely too much for plausibility. The reader playing his wits against Mr. Tree runs into one of those games of poker where every other card is wild. You may well guess who broke the neck of the highly sexed school-girl in the gully, but as the place was infested with lunatics you can hardly support the surmise with evidence. Nor for that matter can the author, who is forced to solve the case eventually by a spontaneous confession like the veriest tyro.

Stop Press Murder and *Which Doctor* can be treated together as they have much in common: both are good examples of the talented amateur's limited capacity in detection. Each has a delightful setting, some intriguing characters and a tolerable plot. Each leads up to his murder confidently, while hugging his surprise solution to his bosom. Once the deed is done, each is utterly stumped how to fill in that vast lacuna between crime and solution. Action has to yield to cogitation; and what sort of cogitation do we get? Endless recapitulation and faulty hypotheses from all and sundry. Readers must don their skimming boots to cross these quagmires of indecision to the *terra firma* of the solution. Mr. Ramsey's setting is a London newspaper office where he spikes a randy lady journalist to death about 1 a.m. in the editor's sanctum: there are a dozen suspects, and you'll need a timetable to trace the culprit. Mr. Candy's setting is a children's hospital in the Midlands, where the doctors seem rather out of hand. The motive for murdering one of them is excellent, but the crime itself is absurdly perpetrated. A strong bias against psychiatrics will lead you to the solution quicker in this case than any timetable.

Hawaii sounds delicious in *While the Coffin Waited*, a simple, romantic story of murder and kidnapping in perfect sub-tropical conditions. Miss Sheridan has the wits to hide her arch-villain from prying eyes; but it is the exotic background which provides the main interest. For those who wish to rub up their Hawaiian a few words in the vernacular are allotted to almost every page. *Aloha Laole wahine* one might say to the authoress, if one only knew how to pronounce the stuff! In *The Doctor and the Corpse* there are too many suspects and too little evidence for our peace of mind. The unscrupulous American who chartered a liner for nefarious purposes deserved to be poisoned by half the passenger list. But Mr. Murray's mind is only half on his detective work. As long as he can introduce some charming people, crack a few jokes and throw in a love interest, any one who likes can confess to the crime in the last chapter.

Death and the Sky Above is an enthralling adventure story about a man under sentence of death who escapes from the condemned cell on the eve of his execution. Andrew Garve handles this John Buchan theme of a fugitive on the run with admirable realism and no resort to melodrama. But the most brilliant feature of the book, which by itself deserves a prize, is the astonishing piece of evidence which saves the hero from the gallows.

Ralph Partridge

THROUGH THE BARBED WIRE

The Escapers. Edited by Eric Williams. *Eyre & Spottiswoode* and *Collins.* 16*s.*

Boldness be my Friend. By Richard Pape. *Elek.* 16*s.*

Return Ticket. By Anthony Deane-Drummond. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Hongkong Escape. By R. B. Goodwin. *Barker.* 15*s.*

I never knew, until I read Eric Williams's introduction to *The Escapers*, that under the Geneva Convention a prisoner-of-war is technically a civilian, having lost his combatant status when he was captured. If he tries to escape, he can change his uniform for civilian clothes without fear of special punishment, since this is his proper dress. If he kills a sentry while crossing a frontier, he is a civilian guilty of murder, not a soldier carrying out his duty. This is a strange anomaly, since an escape calls for a sustained courage that is rarely demanded from the soldier in the field. But it is perhaps because of his civilian, almost boy-scout, status that escaping still seems to us an amateur's adventure compared to leading men into battle.

We are, of course, quite wrong. More thought goes into escape schemes than into any tactical plan, because there is endless time to think. After two wars the world is full of professional escapers. The basic problem is very simple, and its basic solutions (as Mr. Williams puts it, "You can go under the wire, through the wire or over the wire,") have so often been tried and written about, that it has become increasingly difficult to find a method which will take either guards or readers by surprise.

All escape stories therefore depend upon the interest of their very special circumstances. In no other type of autobiography is physical detail so important—the exact slope of a stone ledge which may be just, or just not, too steep for a human foot to grip it, the few blades of grass that may just darken a man's face enough to save him from recapture. One is impressed by the courage and ingenuity related in these four books. But what has excited me even more are the strange workings of chance.

The Escapers is an anthology, edited, annotated and introduced by the unofficial spokesman of last-war prisoners, Mr. Eric Williams. He has widened his scope to include the escape of John Gerard from the Tower, and of Casanova across the leads of the Doge's Palace. But the popular cult of escaping, as of spying, only started in 1914, and more than half his extracts are drawn from the last two wars. Many of them (Roy Farran, Spencer Chapman, James Hargest) will be familiar from the very recent publication of the original books. The less well-known are the less interesting. The introduction is intelligent, and the notes satisfactorily begin and complete the stories from which only the central crises of the escapes are here extracted.

Richard Pape, a navigator in a R.A.F. bomber shot down over Holland, is described by his publisher as a "turbulent and tempestuous man." His book, *Boldness be my Friend*, bears this out. Although Mr. Pape's story of threefold escapes across the width of Europe is the most astonishing of the four narratives, his ghastly ordeal has toughened him almost beyond excuse:

> When I had become experienced, I always preferred the knife. Strangulation was sweaty and rough-shod, and shooting has no personality. . . . As the knife was withdrawn, there came a feeling of calm exhilaration.

The book is not subtle enough for this, and similar passages, to be satirical. It is callously written to shock, and it does shock. So does the detailed description of battering an innocent Hungarian to death. There comes a moment for reticence even in the story of a struggle for survival. Mr. Pape does not recognise it.

Anthony Deane-Drummond's *Return Ticket* suffers from the fault that he "needed much persuasion to write it," and the book reads as if it were extracted from him with a cork-screw. He is a professional soldier, and his judgments of

Italians, British officers who preferred not to attempt escapes, and most civilians, are those of a Camberley mess. None of these defects count for much in face of his extraordinary courage. He was the man who hid for thirteen days in a small cupboard at Arnhem, and walked along the face of an Italian hospital, perched on a small ledge four stories above the street. As a book for boys, or as the script for a film, this is the best of the four.

R. B. Goodwin's is the most humane. A New Zealand naval officer captured in Hongkong, he knew that the alternatives for him, unlike prisoners in Europe, were success or death. In compensation, his luck was fantastic. His plan for crossing the wire miscarried, and he was left suspended by his clothes at the very moment when the guard walked off unexpectedly. As he hid from a Japanese search-party on a hillside, a patrol-dog sniffed to within two feet of his face, and turned away. Mr. Goodwin was very frightened indeed, and says so with a guilty charm that is quite lacking in the other accounts of even more hazardous escapes than his own.

NIGEL NICOLSON

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Great Bohunkus. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This lament for Ian Mackay by 30 of his friends is a lament for Fleet Street, too; it harks back to an age when giants frolicked in a night smelling of beer and boiling ink, hurling quotations from Sterne across the bar, overwhelming flower-girls with Renaissance gallantries, shaking mighty fists at the stars and arguing magnificently until the unwanted sun came wavering down Ludgate Hill. Mackay's ramshackle grandeur belonged to that age, and it has gone with him. One cannot think of him cooped up in a black glass tower, writing the engine-turned phrases that have come to pass for style. He could never have accustomed himself to the smooth, nervous young men who have inherited his parish—"the Go-and-See-It-Boys," he called them, because they used sensibility as a substitute for healthy reporters' curiosity.

This book reflects the elusiveness of the real Mackay. It contains a number of pious misses and several dazzling hits, which instantly explain the illogical love and respect he inspired—the paradox of a charmer with a single tooth (on which he speared pickled onions), hair like an ill-used flue-brush, and seedy, flapping coat-tails; the paradox of a literary legend who never wrote a book.

Millions of readers and listeners loved Mackay for his work, but his friends loved him for his life. He made them miss their lunches while he discoursed hugely on Verlaine; he skinned them with his tongue and made them join in preposterous practical jokes; he stole their wittiest remarks and presented them in print next morning as the views of "my grandmother, whose conversation consisted almost entirely of epigrams and clichés, spiced with an occasional excerpt from Leviticus or the Book of Revelations." But, as this testimony shows, he had the gift of making everything seem larger, warmer, more beautiful and more outrageous when he entered a room; and when he died, Fleet Street shrank back to a dull life-size.

Man Born to Live. By ELLEN HART. *Gollancz.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

Henry Dunant was a Swiss business man with a fanciful turn of mind imposed upon an evangelical upbringing. In business the combination led to misfortune. By his eloquence Dunant persuaded a number of his fellow-citizens of Geneva to invest in a wild colonisation project in Algeria which eventually collapsed into bankruptcy. But by a stroke of providence this incompetent visionary happened to be in Italy pestering Napoleon III for Algerian concessions at the time of the battle of Solferino. Dunant witnessed the carnage with horror, succoured the wounded, and wrote an account of his experience three years later which startled the world and led eventually to the foundation of the International Red Cross: *Un Souvenir de Solferino* advocated the creation of volunteer societies in every nation to help the wounded in time of war. As long as his original idea remained theoretical Dunant was in his element; he preached to royalty, badgered important people, attended conferences and fired everyone's imagination. But when the plan took shape, and after the first Geneva Convention was actually signed in 1864, Dunant's talents had no more scope. He was obliged to surrender the running of the machine that he had invented into more competent hands; and within a few years the failure of his Algerian venture forced him to leave Geneva utterly discredited. His subsequent career was ignoble. He played a small humanitarian part in Paris during the siege of 1870–1, but his other chimerical schemes to benefit mankind fell on deaf ears, and he found it hard to forgive the world for its neglect. It is ironical that the founder of the Red Cross, when he died in 1910, was a complete misanthrope.

Miss Hart has awarded Dunant the honour of a full-length biography, based on long and laborious research. It may be doubted, however, whether it is wise to try to attach so much importance to a man of second-rate character, whose life of general ineptitude was only relieved by one solitary flash of success. Too many insignificant details are bound to find a place in such an extended work; and, despite Miss Hart's loyalty and assiduity, the more one learns of Dunant the less one is inclined to respect him.

Geology and Scenery in Britain. By T. G. MILLER. *Batsford.* 18*s.*

Why is Scotland not like the Fens? Because of geology. People have become more conscious than they once were of the tremendous power exercised by the events of geological time not only on the whole character of the town or countryside in which they live, but also upon the life and work of themselves and their neighbours. We are ready to remember the volcanic upheavals that threaded our rocks with precious mineral ores, the steaming forests that made our coal and our coal miners, and the clear seas where the stuff of the White Cliffs of Dover softly accumulated. We know that Scotland is old and the Fens are young. We are increasingly aware of these things because for nearly a century past books have been written to demonstrate this dependency of life and landscape on geological history.

Mr. Miller shows an occasional excellent liveliness of thought and expression, but it is very doubtful whether his *Geology and Scenery in Britain* is any better than these other books, some recently published and very similar both in purpose and appearance. It has the same introductory chapters on the process of land formation, followed by the same detailed regional surveys; the photographs and diagrams are not very different. In short, this is a good book but one for which there is little need. Particular criticisms can only be made against the use in a book limited to England and Wales of a number of illustrations taken from other parts of the world, and against Mr. Miller's lapses when he ventures to turn for a moment from science to the humanities. These errors, though trifling, are enough to suggest that he must needs devote himself very hard (see blurb) to "being mistaken for a don."

Medieval Religious Houses: England and Wales. By DAVID KNOWLES and R. NEVILLE HADCOCK. *Longmans.* 42*s.*

So much specialised work has been carried out in this century on the medieval religious orders of this country that anyone wishing to obtain a general view of the subject owes a particular debt to Professor Knowles and his collaborators. He can consult Professor Knowles's big and beautifully written history of which the third and last volume has still to appear: he can use Mr. Hadcock's Ordnance Survey map of *Monastic Britain*; and he can inspect the monastic sites in the air photographs taken by Dr. St. Joseph. Professor Knowles has now revised and greatly enlarged the catalogue of religious houses which he produced in 1940. It has been extended to include the military orders, hospitals and colleges, and also to indicate the rank, wealth, numerical strength and architectural remains of each establishment. The notes have been made much fuller and rightly transferred to the foot of each page. Mr. Hadcock has supplied some particularly useful and interesting statistical tables showing the changes in the numbers of religious

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ENCHANTED IN THE SUN

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Let us make no bones about it: we think that this is one of the best books we have published. Out of curiosity, therefore, why don't you go to your bookshop or library and try to discover the reason for our enthusiasm? This is one of the few books you can read three times in succession, each time with added interest and delight. *9s 6d net*

**Courtesy London Electricity Board.*

DOBSON

houses and of the religious population at various dates from the Norman Conquest to the dissolution. Professor Knowles's introductory essay on the origins and development of the religious life in this country, written with the distinction he always commands, is an admirably compact survey.

The Logic of British and American Industry.

By P. SARGANT FLORENCE. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

The lack of any introductory analysis of the functioning and structure of a modern industrial system and its relation to government has hitherto caused a serious gap in the university teaching of economics. Both student and teacher have often been left in a state of embarrassing ignorance. Prof. Florence's study must therefore be considered a real landmark. His direct knowledge of industry is impressive, and perhaps it is for this reason that he does not surrender himself to the uncritical admiration of business men so fashionable nowadays among industrial economists. In addition he has mastered the immense factual material existing especially in America, material which is not readily accessible to students and even more difficult to assimilate.

He brings out clearly the pattern of human relations that exist within a firm and the manner in which he dovetails his investigations into their sociological framework is unique in recent economic literature. His discussion of the relations of government to industry is equally balanced. At a time when so much ill-informed, tendentious and jejune nonsense is talked about monopoly and its possible control, and the problems of nationalised industry, Professor Florence's analysis is refreshing in its detached and factual approach. His investigation of the differences and similarities between the industries in America and Britain points to the policies required if we are to prevent constant upsets in our balance of payments. This book will not only be useful to Professor Florence's colleagues and pupils, but also to politicians, civil servants and, above all, members of the General Council of the T.U.C.

Black Man's Town.

By ISOBEL RYAN. *Cape.* 15*s.*

An amiable description of Africa and Africans by a White man resident in Africa, even if only temporarily resident, makes a pleasant change from the sharply political or the gleefully game-hunting: and a description by a White woman is probably better still, since a woman has an eye for domestic detail which generally escapes the money-making, hippo-shooting, club-residing male. Mrs. Ryan's chatty account of the port and trading town of Sekundi-Takoradi on the Gold Coast makes pleasant, tolerant and at times amusing reading: she is not above an occasional dig at the "Coast Europeans" and she sees Africans with interest but without sentimentality. Anyone who wants a sociological account of the way Africans really live in Sekundi-Takoradi can always turn to Dr. K. Busia's excellent survey, published not so long ago by the Crown Agents: what Mrs. Ryan gives is a keen and wryly humorous picture of that splendid bubbling, bustling, superficial appearance which rises out of the West Coast towns and hits the sceptical visitor in the very centre of his scepticism. Here, it seems, Africans manage most of their own affairs, and do it not so badly: here, even, they appear to enjoy life with a furious and frantic zest which the tired European has long left behind him. Here are lumps of life, crude and raw perhaps, but tremendously alive. The only trouble with Mrs. Ryan's book is that Mr. Ryan will keep popping in: he is never actually described, but he provides line illustrations and an incredible number of weighty *obiter dicta* of a pomposity which makes one suspect that Mrs. Ryan may after all be poking fun at him. This grey immanence, this overshadowing presence, this husband whose opinions are always referred to and always applauded (even when they appear to mean precisely nothing at all), is a pity in a book which otherwise flows along easily enough. Next time—for it is clear that there is going to be a next time—Mrs. Ryan had better bring him right into the book, or push him right out of it.

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The Classic Ballet.

By MURIEL STUART. *Longmans.* 36*s.*

This is the fourth book detailing the technique of classical ballet according to the Russian school published since the war. Two were written by Mesdames Vaganova and Nicolaeva-Legat, both well-known teachers who were pupils of the famous Nicolas Legat, one by Serge Lifar. The writer of the latest work is Muriel Stuart, who was a protégée of Anna Pavlova and is now an instructor at the School of American Ballet, founded by George Balanchine. These works, all stemming from the Russian tradition of teaching and all describing virtually the same thing, are works of reference and instruction; and it is well that one or two should be printed, since, as with choreography for ballets, the traditional steps have been handed down mainly by word of mouth from teacher to pupil, ever since Noverre revolutionised ballet dancing in the eighteenth century.

Miss Stuart's book is one of the clearest because of her cool, concise descriptions, and the numerous, excellently designed drawings by Carlus Dyer that illustrate every exercise. As a record of the contemporary style of classical ballet it is unsurpassed. But from the point of view of teaching, Mme Vaganova's more personal approach, which gives some indications of the faults and difficulties that are likely to arise in the mastering of steps, is of much more interest and use. *The Classic Ballet* opens with a complicated introductory essay by Lincoln Kirstein called "Historical Development," which is chiefly to do with the ethics of ballet. It is a pity that Mr. Kirstein has not stuck to the factual history of technique, since the book would then have compassed one complete aspect of ballet dancing.

The Days Before.

By KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

It would clearly be delightful to meet Miss Katherine Anne Porter in her favourite Left Bank café—to catch an enthusiasm for some writer from her there, to hear her reminiscing about the neurotic dogs and genii in Gertrude Stein's "vaguely lighted" flat, rue de Fleurus, or about her own childhood in Texas, to argue with her about the "spread of the slow blight," as she describes it, "of the New England spirit." But Miss Porter is best known in the United States as a short-story writer; so it is disappointing to find that in print on these and a dozen kindred subjects she is most often too mannered and too inexact in her meaning to make sitting down and reading her essays a comparable pleasure. She writes out of her enthusiasms, which is in itself excellent, but she settles down hardly ever on the cool and precise comment which is an equally essential element in compelling criticism. Her style actually tends to mimic that of the author she is writing about—deliberately, of course, in an essay on Gertrude Stein, but also noticeably in those on James and D. H. Lawrence.

An impression rises from her pages of the literary loves and masters of that Thirties generation of Paris Americans to which she belongs. But it is where her delight can issue in more objective description, as in her accounts of her grandmother and of her Mexican maid, that she is nearer her true art.

The Victorian Mountaineers.

By RONALD CLARK. *Batsford.* 18*s.*

Some Victorians went to the mountains because they had read Ruskin, others because they had read Agassiz on glaciers. Some made for Mont Blanc because it had been climbed, others for the Matterhorn because it hadn't. Some wished to explore remote valleys, others to meet old friends at the inns of Zermatt or Grindelwald. Scientists (bringing "a couple of thermometers, a pocket klinometer, a Kater's compass with prismatic eyepiece") hoped to add to knowledge; clergymen to confirm their faith among the eternal hills; agnostics to find in those hills a substitute for religion. Many simply liked the action of climbing; and a few—among them Whymper—burned to be first up some particular mountain. Mr. Clark displays all these types in his entertaining survey which it is difficult for a modern mountaineer to read without envy. What chances they had in the Fifties and Sixties! Guides were cheap (£25 for two for six weeks), virgin peaks abounded, and off they rushed to win the Dent Blanche, the Weisshorn, the Ecrins, the Matterhorn.

Mr. Clark has searched widely and diligently for information about his gallery of characters and has entertainingly stirred up the embers of old controversies. Alpinists are as apt for feud as bibliographers: and the rows between Tyndall and Leslie Stephen, between Coolidge and the Alpine Club, set off the highmindedness of a Wills or a Hudson. The photographs are magnificent: especially the frontispiece showing a lady of the early 1860s (Miss Lucy Walker?) sitting on a rock, alpenstock over her knees, about to swig something deliciously strong which a grave guide is pouring from a black bottle.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,236

Set by Adela Mommsen

Proprietary articles tend nowadays to bear cosily tempting names, such as The Toastatoe Gas-fire and the famous Buck-U-Uppo pills of P. G. Wodehouse. The usual prizes are offered for the best set of invented names to entice purchasers for each of the following contrivances: a lawn-mower, a vacuum-cleaner, a potato-peeler, an alarm-clock, a washing-machine and an aperient (for the last-named, competitors must watch their steps). Entries by November 10.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,233

Set by Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word advertisement for a space travel agency.

Report by Thomas Tusher

"There is pie in the sky for the picking." "Write for our 30/- brochure." An exuberant overflowing entry which produced a host of potential Ray Bradburys and a number of excruciating puns ("... inside the Sollar Area" ... "do you want to meteor fate?" ... "not satellitely"). There was the anticipated spate of jokes about Martian canals and honeymoons on Venus, and most entrants lost marks for facetiousness, a few gained them for originality. I liked J. B. Lapsley's solar anthropology ("See the xnux dance of the Martian Primitives. ... Watch the picturesque space-walking ceremonies of the Zywrl folk on Old Jupiter"); also Leslie Johnson's appeal to stellar climbers, Gerald Priestland's "Thermonuclear space ship fitted with independent internal gravitation," and Harold Ellis's assurance that "time is allowed for a brief visit to see the American Embassy by earthlight."

After regretfully setting aside Ford Jenkins's

Unearthly Season Ticket, which appeared to have already featured in some earlier competition at Malta, I decided to divide the prize money among the three entries printed below.

Thanks to the ingenuity and enterprise of British scientists, the Light-Barrier has been penetrated, and Hoyle's Supergalactic Tours are able to organise a trip which can make 1953 a Double Coronation Year for YOU! From the planet Veto, 51 Light-Years away, the CORONATION PROCESSION OF KING EDWARD VII will be visible by long-distance telescope at 3 a.m., Veto time, on 21st December, 1953. Rockets will leave London Spaceport at 10 a.m. on December 6th, travelling at a brisk 18,000 million m.p.h. At Neptune, which will be reached at approx. 10.10, passengers will change on to Hoyle's Supergalactic Flying Saucers for the remainder of the tour. Return to Earth 6th January, 1954. Xmas fare available en route.

This unique opportunity is available for only 48 Light-Pounds (£ (Veto) 83,475,697,531,228,605) Return, 27 Light-Pounds Single! Single passengers must undergo simple plastic operation (grafting of third eye; ears transferred to sides of mouth) to conform to Vetonian standards.

D. R. Peddy

PERSONAL

Perelandra. Lovers of C. S. Lewis's fascinating space yarns will find an important announcement in col. 4.

New Statesman. Botticelli won't deliver to Venus, but we will.—Tourastra (see col. 4).

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

November fogs won't get you down, nor clouds of Communism darken your horizon, if you leave the perplexities of this overcrowded planet behind you. The Second Elizabethan Age has given man dominion over New Worlds unknown to Drake and Raleigh! Space adventure in comfort and without risk is *your* heritage! Moon: fortnightly from El Qattara Skyport* to Butlin's Crater. Venus: regular projections to No. 2 Site. Mars: provisional bookings now available. Payment in sterling or interstellar scrip. Ring EIS. 5634 or write for 3-D brochure and health booklet, *Venus and Psyche*, by a famous psychiatrist.—Tourastra (branch of Compagnie Internationale des Fusées-Lits & des Grands Express Célestes), 27 McCarthy Embankment, London, S.W.1.

* Luxury jet service from Northolt.

J. P. Stevenson

Ever been ski-ing on the mountains of the Moon? Or made rings round Saturn? Ever lit a cigar on the Sun's corona? Or thrilled to the lazy strumming of Martian gondoliers? Stretch your legs—keep pace with this expanding universe—come exploring with the cosmic couriers of Trans-Galactic-Spaceways. A Cheap Day Astro-Flip . . . or a Luxury Cruise round the Spiral Nebulæ (stop-off facilities at Alpha Centauri). Only T.G.S. offers complimentary teas on all Flying Saucers, and (on trips lasting over 10 light-years) free education for passenger-accompanied children. Charming aether-hostesses; experienced pilots (qualified Bachelors of Science-Fiction). Uniformed Things accompany all tours. Unused return halves of tickets credited to next of kin. Write for free brochure, *This Universe*. It lists billions of star resorts, whose friendly twinkle-twinkle nightly says, "*Why on earth don't you come and see us!*"

Stanley J. Sharpless

CHESS: Dreamers and Fighters

No. 213

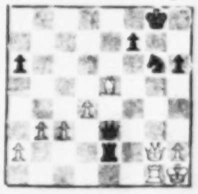
Most of us, once we have succumbed to the lure of the 64 squares, tend to be predominantly, if not exclusively, gripped either by the fighting spirit of the player or by the contemplative pleasures of the problemist. Such distinctive inclinations frequently occur even in the exalted sphere of creative genius. Many a great composer was an indifferent player, and many a grandmaster would be no more than mildly interested in the magic dream-world of the problemist.

One of the exceptions was Johannes Berger who died twenty years ago, almost to the day. He was 89. His genius for Chess was truly universal, and while many readers would remember him as one of the profoundest theoreticians of all times, a great composer, and the author of two standard works on endgames and on problem composition, it is not so well known that he was an eager tournament player and, significantly, one of the greatest correspondence players of his day. It is remarkable that he could find the time for all these activities, for he had a distinguished academic career, too, and for many decades he was the director of one of the foremost Schools of Economics in the Habsburg Empire. True enough, in the 14 International Tournaments in which he competed between 1880 and 1908 he scored only just over 50 per cent.—55 wins, 54 losses and 111 draws—but his victims included Janowski, Marshall, Tchigorin Schlechter and, repeatedly, Maroczy, for whom Berger had come to be almost the bogy-man. Even in his very last tournament (Vienna, 1908), by then well in his sixties, and himself near the bottom of the score-board, Berger managed to rob Maroczy of the undivided first prize. Defending a Ruy he adopted the daring "Riga variation" which was then all the rage, and he produced a game of considerable theoretical interest. Here it is.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(12)	Kt-Q4	B-Kt5
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(13)	Kt-KB3	Q-R4
(3)	B-Kt5	P-QR3	(14)	Kt-B3	QR-Q1
(4)	B-R4	Kt-B3	(15)	Q-Q3	B x Kt
(5)	O-O	Kt x P	(16)	P x B	Q x P
(6)	P-Q4	P x P	(17)	Kt x Kt	P x Kt
(7)	R-K1	P-Q4	(18)	Q-B3	Q-R6 ch
(8)	Kt x P	B-Q3	(19)	K-K2	Q-Kt5 ch
(9)	Kt x Kt	B x P ch	(20)	K-B1	R-Q4
(10)	K-B1?	Q-R5	(21)	B-Kt3	R-KR4
(11)	B-K3	O-O	(22)	P-B4	P x P e.p.

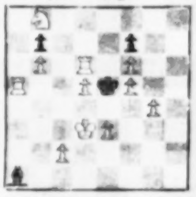
Here Maroczy resigned. Naturally, being the tournament leader, he would not accept a Perpetual by playing (10) K x B. What he should have played, though, was (10) K-R1!. He could have countered Q-R5 by (11) R x Kt ch, P x R, (12) Q-Q8 ch!, Q x Q, (13) Kt x Q ch, K x Q, (14) K x B.

A: Johannes Berger

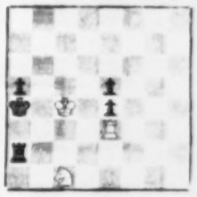


The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position which Berger (playing White) achieved in a "skittle." He announced a mate in 3. How did he live up to it? **B** will please our problem addicts. It is one of the Professor's neatest 5-movers, and it may well be underrated with 6 points if I did not add the very useful hint that in one variation a certain Pawn is eligible for having a Knighthood conferred on him. **C**—White to win—is a very pretty study. It is not too difficult, but it may well be worth 7 ladder-points.

B: Joh. Berger 1904



C: Johannes Berger



Usual prizes. Entries by November 9.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set on October 10

A: (1) . . . Q x P ch, (2) K x Q, R-R5 ch, (3) K-Kt1, R-R8 ch, (4) Kt x R, P x Kt (R or Q) mate.

B: (1) Kt-B4, B x Kt, (2) R x P ch, K-Kt7, (3) R-KKt3! B x R ch, (4) K-R3!, etc.

C: (1) P-Q7 ch, K x P, (2) R x Kt, B-Kt3 ch! (3) K x B, P x P, (4) R-Q4 ch, K-K1! (5) B-K7! P queens, (6) B-Kt5.

Though many competitors were stumped by **B** (Platov, not Plufov!) and/or **C** I got nearly a score of correct solutions. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, J. C. Cock, R. C. Chaturvedi, R. J. Hackett, J. M. Reid, J. D. Taylor. *Londoners' 15th move B-KKt5 Non-Londoners' 16th due by November 4.*

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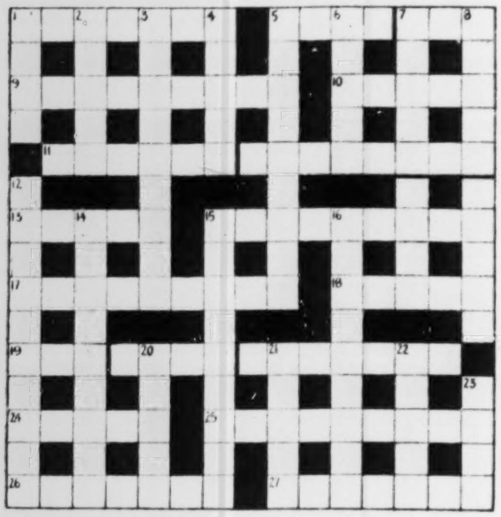
(FOUNDED 1921 Editor: R PALME DUTT)

Order 1/6 all newsagents. Or why not try a postal sub., 9/- half yearly from 11 N, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

Week-end Crossword No. 72

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 72, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 10th Nov.



ACROSS

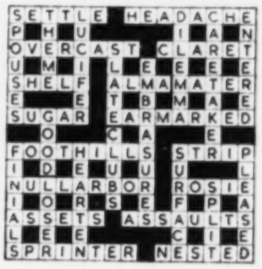
1. Holiday season with only a little fine weather (7).
5. Make a changing world account for political hostility (4, 3).
9. Make the Church leader dare change in a car (9).
10. Money is far ahead of this object (5).
11. Religious programme in a Haydn symphony? (6, 8).
13. Pale like a female (5).
15. Train a dog to discover the slightest change (9).
17. Living evidence disproving that never the twain shall meet (9).
18. Faithful regiment (5).
19. Sensible girls of the ballet (3, 4, 7).
24. The distinguished who are worried in bed (5).
25. Disable Her Majesty's Government with strain perhaps (9).
26. Silt left by the river in changing tides (7).
27. Theme of a Dohnanyi composition (7).

DOWN

1. Place of birth for sergeant-major and doctor (4).
2. Exponent of undesirable books (5).
3. Conquers like a knight on horseback? (9).
4. Famous use of pound and penny (5).
5. Soldiers from the company over the river or among friends (9).
6. Two articles for oblivion (5).
7. Here there are many races, but apparently a colour bar (5, 4).
8. Corner the correct point of view (5, 5).
12. Robin follows after Papa; it's a corollary of birth (10).
14. To give corporal punishment makes a kind of sense to a disciplinarian (9).
15. There is a distorted shape in the cave; ammunition is required (9).
16. I follow everyone with a gun or a reptile (9).
20. Name encountered in the said rising (5).
21. Presumably it is human nature to be a billiard player (5).
22. Simple one in part of a church (5).
23. "It is better to be good than to be —" (Wilde) (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 70



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 70

Margaret de Paravicini (Margate), R. A. D. Forrest (Harlow), Miss E. Rayson (Ilkley).

PERSONAL

YOUNG German student, 19 years, desires exchange with English student commencing Easter, 1954. German business household in Taunus, near Frankfurt/Main, have facilities for English student to learn German manufacturing and business methods. Please write Box 2890.

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NORTH Africa. Winter sunshine by the sands, mountains and blue seas of Algeria and Morocco. Bathing, skiing, fishing and shooting. Specialist advice from Back's Travel Service, 56 Coram Street, Russell Square, London, W.C.1. TERminus 0535.

PERSONAL—continued

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APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Competitions Editor in India. Preference will be given to those possessing specialised knowledge in Commonsense and similar Crossword Puzzles and qualified to administer the work of the department. Please apply in the first instance, stating age, whether married or single, details of experience and remuneration expected, to Box 2904.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Commission on Historical Monuments (England): Investigators. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for two pensionable posts. Age at least 22 and under 26 on September 1, 1953, with extension for exceptionally well qualified candidates or for regular Forces Service, and up to two years for other Forces Service or established Civil Service. Candidates should normally have a University degree in archæology, architecture, history or other appropriate subject, preferably with first- or second-class honours, or have special archæological experience. Preference will be given to candidates who can show some ability in architectural drawing. Inclusive London salary scales £417 to £812 (men), £417 to £707 (women). Somewhat lower in provinces. Starting pay may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and for compulsory Forces Service. Prospects of promotion. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4263/53. Applic. forms to be returned by November 19, 1953.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced women for temporary (in first instance) engagements as vacancies occur. Salary £531 5s. rising to £685. Duties include finding and inspecting foster homes and visiting children placed in them; assisting in finding work and lodgings for young persons in care; statutory after-care supervision. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CE/A1), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by Nov. 14.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Department. Appointment of Children's Visitor (Male). Applications are invited for the appointment of a Male Children's Visitor. Salary will be in accordance with the Grade A.P.T. II (£495 × £15—£540) for applicants who have successfully completed a Central Training Council Course for boarding-out officers, and/or possess a degree or Social Science diploma. The salary for unqualified applicants will depend upon previous experience. Further details of salary scales, duties, conditions of service, etc., may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 102 Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3. Closing date for applications November 14, 1953.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Department. Boarding-out Officers. Applications are invited for the appointment of two Boarding-Out Officers, one Male and one Female, Grade A.P.T. I-II (£465 × £15—£540 p.a.). Applicants must have had experience in dealing with children deprived of a normal home life, and should possess a degree or diploma in Social Science. N.J.C. Conditions of Service. Superannuable post. Medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience (with dates) and names of two referees, to the undersigned by November 7, 1953. Ernest Healey, Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.

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LONDON Merchants seek highly qualified Chemical & Pharmaceutical Departmental Manager conversant with international trading conditions, Eastern and barter business. Good profit participation, permanent position. Apply Secretary, J. C. Gilbert, Ltd., Columbia House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

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BOYS' and Girls' Clubs leaders required for Twin-Club in Islington. Husband & wife preferred; residence available. Apply Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.

ASSISTANT cook required grammar boarding school for maladjusted boys. Progressive atmosphere. J.I.C. Scale. Participation in social life of school. Apply Red Hill School, East Sutton, near Maidstone, Kent.

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WORKING hsekpr./mother's help, pleas. house outskirts Manchester. 3 children at day school. Mother engaged pt./time prof. work. Olive Shapley, Rose Hill, Millgate Lane, Didsbury, Manchester. Tel. Dids. 5793.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Union of Students req. typist-clerk and shorthand-typist (18-21); good speeds essent.; interesting work. 'Phone for appointment: Gen. Sec., EUS. 2184.

WANTED a man or woman qualified and with imagination and co-operativeness to share in happy home life of husband and wife giving acknowledged security and new life, stability to a dozen or so maladjusted boys aged 9 to 13; to give them lessons which will be enjoyable & fruitful. Box 2889.

SHORTHAND-Typist, experienced, required with econ. or historical training. Knowledge publishing useful. Apply with particulars. Box 3025.

DOMESTIC Staff. Five Cities Bureau, 90a George St., London, W.1. WEL. 3897.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PART- or full-time work anywhere sought by man 43. Book-keeping, typing, French, handymanship, driving; interests literary, artistic. Box 2820.

HIGHLY qualified Secretary, first-rate experience and refs., requires responsible post, poss. residential. Box 2754.

TEMPORARY job reqd. for winter months home/abroad by educ. man, 38. Widely travelled, knowledge French, some journalistic exp. Expert driver/mechanic. Box 2940.

LADY, University degree, knowledge of lang., seeks interesting, absorbing post. Willing help household, nursing. Box 2718.

WOMAN graduate, fluent French, German, Italian and Roumanian, some Spanish, seeks post as interpreter, translator, teacher. Can type. Box 2877.

YOUNG lady, age 20, seeks interesting secretarial post. Box 2985.

LADY (40's) reqs. post of interest London. Literary/artistic, reception, secretarial or suggestions. Excellent refs. Box 2942.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

SCOPE for willing domestic ability (in small students' hostel?) reqd. by lady (25), hotel, teashop exper. Box 2903.

GERMAN/English shorthand-typist, competent translator, also German shorthand, seeks post. Box 1924.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

EDINBURGH. Lido Hotel, Douglas Crescent. Central, comfortable, modern, excellent cuisine, highly recommended, 15s. 6d. B. & B., reduction for week stay.

CONVALESCENCE or Rest? Winter holiday? All those needing warmth and comfort in "Britain's Best Winter Climate" (town claim) should write for informative brochure. Early enquiry advised (fully booked most last winter) 4½/6½*gns.* twin-bedded rooms; £5 18s./£8 single rooms (according floor and size). All prices inc. gratuities, afternoon tea, fresh fruit daily, baths, htg. in bedrooms (cent. htg. everywhere). Slumberlands; h. & c.; two Lounges. Bkfst. in bed. No lift. Meat or Vegetarian. Small, well-appointed, friendly hotel rec. by readers (references gladly). Phone Hastings 4784. Normanhurst P./Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. 3-mile Prom., opp. covered walk, Nr. Sun Lounge orchestra, also London Philharmonic.

SPECIAL Offer, November! Of interest to those who must avoid inland fogs and mists. Twin-bedded top-floor rooms, £3 13s. 6d. wkly.; singles £4 14s. 6d.; incl. everything as Normanhurst advert above.

ST. Ives, Cornwall. Fifty per cent of our guests are non-vegetarians who come because they like the food. "Woodcote" is warm, bright and beautifully situated. All rooms h. & c., some have cent. heating. Home-grown produce, 100%, wholesome tasty food. Mr. & Mrs. Woolfrey, "Woodcote," Lelant, Cornwall. Hayle 3147.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London, offers restful holidays, good food, warmth & every comf. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Hth. 263.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.) St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

BUCKS. The "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden, a charming and thoroughly comfortable XVIIth-century house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated; excellent food; pleasant garden. Tel. 516.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. Oct. on 6gns., inclusive.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain and lakes. Wastwater. Sea & golf at Seascale. Billiards, Table Tennis, Licd. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumb. Holmrook 42.

WINTER in South Devon. Small Guest House, centrally situated. Good locality. Excellent food and beds. H. & C., gas fires all rooms. 4½/6gns. per week. Wynncroft, Elmsleigh Park, Paignton. Tel. 578001.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air, and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5*gns.* wkly. Summer terms 6*gns.* Robertsbridge 148.

VISITING the Tyrol? Then stay at the Hotel Grieserhof, Gries am Brenner, Austria Situated amidst beautiful ski-slopes. Excellent cuisine, moderate terms. English references available

COTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Reduced rates Oct. to June. Illustrated brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Choice Before South Africa," by E. S. (Solly) Sachs; revised and up-to-date paper edition 5s. (inc. postage 5s. 6d.). Order from E. S. Sachs, 21 Strutton Ground, London, S.W.1. ABBey 3770.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages, Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1s. monthly from newsagents, or 13s. yearly, including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"POETRY and Poverty," No. 5, now ready. 2s. from 8 Eton Avenue, London, N.W.3. "For some time this publication has been on its way to becoming the best of the 'little magazines' in this country." (David Wright: Time and Tide).

BEVAN exposes the Steel Ramp in this week's "Tribune" and attacks "the Parasites of the City." If you can't get a copy send 5½*d.* to Tribune, 222 Strand, W.C.2, or 2s. 6d. for the next 9 issues.

"140 Jewish Marshals, Generals and Admirals," by E. Rubin. 300 pp., 100 illustrations, 21s. from all booksellers or send cheque or P.O. to De Vero Books, 35 Buckland Crescent, London, N.W.3.

"TREES" (Autumn) contains illus. articles on deserts, hedgerows, Marianne North (tree-painter: Kew), Sir Albert Howard, seeds, forests and rainfall, Indian forestry, tree lore, etc. Many pictures. Free to intending Fellows (£1 1s. p.a.) of Men of the Trees, 16 Mulberry Walk, S.W.3.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity"—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"ENDURING Passion" by Dr. Marie Stopes. 7s. 6d. 108 Whitfield St., W.1.

THE Economists' Bookshop, 11-12 Clement's Inn Passage, London, W.C.2, invites you to submit lists of books on Economics, History, and Social Sciences, you may wish to sell (periodicals excluded).

FRENCH books for collectors, scholars & discriminating readers from Librairie Française R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham St., S.W.1. VIC. 1583.

WANTED, books, pamphlets, magazines, MSS, and ephemera of all sorts by avant-garde writers 1900-1939 (period roughly Yeats to Dylan Thomas). Early editions not necessarily firsts. No pocket or post-war editions. Offers to Bookroom, 22 Chain St., Reading.

MODERN Fiction and non-fiction bought. Up to half-price for current and review copies. Books bought on any subject. Send parcels and lists to R. Greene (N.S.), 146 Evering Road, London, N.16.

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GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WE want material on Chartism, Socialism, Marxism, Trotsky, etc. Any language. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

SCHOOLS

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-13. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss B. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol 8471

ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tu.-Fri. 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.50. Sun., Nov. 1, Mems. only 7.45. "The Alchemist."

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "Drama at Inish." Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391.) "The Rosenbergs." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a. Admission 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d.

IRVING, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Sing for Your Supper" (Second edition), a topical intimate Revue. Licd. till midn't. Mems. 5s.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury, nr. Islington Town Hall. Tavistock Rep. in Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie." Opens tonight (Friday) at 7.30. Also Sat., 31, Sun., Nov. 1 (members only). Fri., Nov. 6, and Sat., Nov. 7. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., & 5s. Bookable CAN. 5111 after 7.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sun., Nov. 8, at 7.45, Apollo Society Recital of Poetry and Music. Margaret Rawlings, Robert Speaight, Natasha Litvin. Tickets: 8s., 5s. (res.), 3s. (unres.). WAT. 3191.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Nov. 1. "Metropolis" (A). From Nov. 2: "Intolerance" U (London).

NAT. Film Theatre, Sth. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Oct. 31. Rene Clair's "I Married a Witch," with Veronica Lake, Fredric March. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Nov. 1. 7.30. "Les Souvenirs Perdus" (X).

PULLMAN Cinema. Opp. Herne Hill Sta. BRI. 3153. Private Life of Henry VIII, (A). Sun. for 7 days: The Paradine Case (A).

SCALA Theatre. Soviet films "Peter the Great" and "Festival of Youth" (cultural programme of the Berlin World Youth Festival). 7.30, Mon., Nov. 16. Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d. from Ed. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1, or Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order.

LEWISHAM Film Society. Lee 7803. Unitarian Church, next Central Library. Sat., Oct. 31, 7.15. "Oh, Mr. Porter!"

WINTER Sports Film Show and Travel Forum at Caxton Hall on November 3, 6.30 p.m. Tickets from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Dance at the Brent Bridge Hotel, N.W.4, on Wednesday, November 4 at 7.30. Tickets: Members 5s. Non-members 6s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance. Sat., Oct. 31, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4s.

N.C.N.C. Grand Dance. The National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons London Branch presents a grand dance at Porchester Hall, Porchester Rd., W.2, on Saturday, Nov. 7, 1953, from 7 p.m.-11 p.m. Please don't miss this great opportunity to enjoy the genuine Tropical rhythm played by the famous West African Rhythm Brothers, leader—Ambrose Campbell. Tickets are obtainable at the door at 4s. single, 7s. 6d. double. Royal Oak tube station, Met. line. Buses 36, 36a, 18, 18b, 27, 15, 662, & 664.

CONCERTS

MARYLEBONE Parish Church, W.1, Saturday, October 31, at 3.30 p.m. Baroque Church Music. Works by Monteverdi, Purcell, Frescobaldi, Schütz & Marcello. Day McAusland, John Whitworth, John Wellingham. Michael Howard (organ). Presented by the Renaissance Society.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Tuesday, November 17 at 8.0 p.m. First Performance in England of Stravinsky's Cantata (1952); and "Façade" (poems by Edith Sitwell, music by William Walton). Soloists: Joan Cross, Arda Mandikian, Peter Pears. The English Opera Group Ensemble, Conductor, Paul Sacher. Tickets: 12s. 6d. to 3s. from the Box Office. (WAT. 3191.)

WIGMORE Hall, Saturday, November 7 at 3 p.m. Quartet No. 2—Bergsma, works for unaccompanied violin by Frankel and Ibert, song cycle for soprano and harp—John Lambert, Quartet No. 1—Fricker. Max Rostal, April Cantelo, Jill Hayward, Martin String Quartet. Introduced by Dr. R. Vaughan Williams, sponsored by Koussevitzky Music Foundation, and presented by Society for the Promotion of New Music. Tickets 2s. 6d. to 15s. from Hall (Wel. 2141) or S.P.N.M., 53 Welbeck St., W.1 (Wel. 7809).

POULENC and Tailleferre will accompany Denise Duval (de l'Opéra), Raymond Amade (de l'Opéra-Comique) and Bernard Lefort in "Airs d'Operas Français" at the 78th Concert of French Music. Wigmore Hall, Wed., Nov. 25, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. to 10s. Box Office, WEL. 2141.

SOVIET Artists Igor Oistrakh (Violin), Zara Dolukhanova (mezzo-soprano), Bella Davidovitch (piano), give first London performance at Celebration of 36th Soviet Anniversary and 400 years of Anglo-Russian relations. 3 p.m., Sun., Nov. 8. Empress Hall, S.W.6. Tkts. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., from British Soviet Friendship Soc., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

CHAIKOVSKY.—Sixty years since his death. Soviet recordings of his songs. Fri., Nov. 6, 7.30 p.m. SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (Studts. & SCR. 1s.).

CONCERTS—continued

ARDA Mandikian. "Twenty-One Centuries of Greek Song." Fri., November 6 at 7.30 p.m. at The English Folk Dance & Song Society, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Rd., N.W.1. Members free, guests 3s 6d.

FRIDAY, Oct. 30, 8 p.m., Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. A.G.M.C. presents Benthien Quartet (Hamburg), Margaret Kitchin, piano, in Concert Modern Chamber Music. Works by Hindemith, Jarnach, Fortner, Engelmann, Fricker. Tickets 3s. at door.

HARRY Blech will conduct the first rehearsal of the Younger Friends of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra on Wed., November 4 at 7.45 prompt, at the Synagogue Hall, Dean St., Soho, W.1. All interested musicians are welcome.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED new publications. Manet's Pink Rose & Yellow Rose, Degas' Femme à l'ombrelle, each £1 5s. plus tax 8s. 11d. Anna Zinkeisen's Coronation Bouquet, 20in. × 24in., £2 5s. From all good printshops or from 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

FOOTBALL and the Fine Arts Exhibition. Paintings, Sculptures, Water-colours, etc. Prize-winning and other entries submitted for The Football Association's Ninetieth Anniversary Competition. October 21 to November 7. Weekdays 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sundays 2-9 p.m. Entrance 1s. Park Lane House, 45 Park Lane, London, W.1.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. An Evening Party at Tate Gallery, November 4. ("Figures in their Setting," organised by C.A.S.). Only Members may apply for tickets (11s. 6d. incl. refrs., guests 13s.). Inform. about membership from C.A.S., TAT. 0650.

ROUND The Table. C.o.I.D. Exhbtn. Mod mealtime settings. Dly. 10.30-6. Sats. 12.30. Free. Tea Centre, Lwr. Regent St.

O'HANA Gallery, 13 Carlos Place, W.1. Exhibition of Paintings by Jane Lane, Sculpture by John Burch; also French Impressionists. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WALKER'S Gallery, 118 New Bond St., Paintings of Italian Lakes by Arrobus. Nov. 4-17. Weekdays 10-5. Sats. 10-1.

BOOKS from Germany (G.D.R.). Interesting technical, art and school books, classics & novels. Scientific work trans. from Russian. Exhibition at Collet's Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Daily 11-6.30. Suns. 2-5. Adm. Free. Open November 2-28.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings into Textiles. Oct. 21-Nov. 14. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Holiday Pictures. Daily 11-6 Sats. incl. Also Picture Lending Library.

YUGOSLAV Mediæval Frescoes (replicas). Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Dec. 13. Week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission. 1s.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Paintings by Pikelny. Daily 10-5.30 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paintings by Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, Degas, etc. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

NEW English Art Club: R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall. 10-5 incl. Sats.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Zyw. Portraits and Italy by Peter Todd Mitchell. Until November 6.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture and Paintings by Arthur Berridge. Paintings by John Hart.

LE Club Contemporain, 5 Whitehorse St., W.1. GRO. 1804, presents an exhibition of the work of Lazlo Silvassy. Daily 1 p.m. to 7 p.m. Paintings and Drawings.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. First London Exhibition of Edinburgh painter, Charles Pulsford, and Recent Works by Scottie Wilson.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. John Martin 1789-1854 Paintings & Drawings. Dly. 11-6, Suns. 2-6. Cld. Mon. Until Nov. 1. Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. The Renaissance of the Fish.

VERA Spencer Paintings and Collages at Conran Furniture, 22 Piccadilly Arcade, W.1. November 4-14.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Fr. Nov. 3. Exhibn. of recent paintings by Sheila Fokes & Robert Powter.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbots Terrace, W.14. Francis Roy Thompson, Australian painter, to Nov. 7.

ROMAN Portrait Busts. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 28. Week-days 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"THE Public Interest in Employment of Ability," Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cin., Golders Grn. Evngs. 7.15. Symposium, Part I, Nov. 1. "Public Policy." Speakers, H. L. Beales & D. G. MacRae. Part 2, Nov 15, "Supply & Demand," Speakers, Aymeric Straker & Thom. Bottomore. Adm. Free. Collection.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum. "The Next Labour Government." A talk by the Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 7.45 p.m. at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Reservations MAYfair 4245.

"EGYPT and Its Future." A lecture will be given by Lord Kinross, for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 2, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

ANTIQUARIAN Booksellers' Association 3rd Annual Lecture, "Marginal Decoration in Illuminated Manuscripts," by Clifford Maggs. Wed., Nov. 11, at 6.30. British Academy, Burlington Gardens, W.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. from A.B.A., 15 Orange St., W.C.2.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Discussions. November 4, 8.15. Architectural Criticism I. Indian Students' Hostel, Fitzroy Square. Architect: Ralph Tubbs. Chairman: J. M. Richards. November 5, 8.15. Points of View on "Painting into Textiles." Speakers will include Hans Juda, Dennis Lennon, D. S. F. Vernon. Chairman: Misha Black. Members 2s., Guests 3s.

"THE Artist Today": lecture by Barnett Freedman, C.B.E., arr. by Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton). Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St., E.C.1 (nr. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.). Fri., Oct. 30, 8.15. Adm. 1s (F.A.G. members free).

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy., Wed., Nov. 4. Angus Wilson, Novelist & Critic, "Recent Trends in the Novel." St. Annes House, 57 Dean St., W.1, 7.30. Vis. 2s.

ROBERT Speaight on "The Plays of T. S. Eliot" at Town Hall, Hampstead, November 5, 8 p.m. Silver collection.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Lecture. November 3, 7 p.m. Sir Leonard Woolley. Digging up the Past. Sidelights on Trade in the Ancient World.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon, Nov. 20-22: Norman Glaister on "The Psychologist of the Gospels"; also "Craftwork for Christmas." Send card for programmes.

SHAW Society presents "A Heretic Speaks": Geoffrey Handley-Taylor on Comics, Hymns, Nursery Rhymes; 7 Albemarle St., Nov. 6, 7 p.m. Adm. 6d. or memb. incl. Bulletin 15s. (25) yearly. Enqs.: 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

THE Polytechnic Parliament has no confidence in Tory Foreign Policy. Wed., Nov. 4, 7.30. Fyvie Hall, 309 Regent St. Potential Parliamentarians please participate.

EDWARD Conze: "Empirical and Perennial Philosophy." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, November 1, at 6.30 p.m.

THE London Jewish Society. Dr. Eustace Chesser, "Social Influences on Marriage." Wednesday, November 4, 8 p.m. Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., Leicester Sq. All welcome. Non-members 2s. 6d.

LUNCH-Time Discussion: Professor Brogan, Stephen King-Hall, Sydney Bailey on "The American System of Government." Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Nov. 5, 12.30-2 p.m. Tickets (incl. lunch) 4s. from Hansard Society, 39 Millbank, S.W.1, or at door.

PROF. V. Gordon Childe. "An Archæologist Visits U.S.S.R." Chair: Robert Browning. Thurs., Nov. 5, 7.30 p.m. SCR, 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students & SCR 1s.).

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Mr. P. S. Gourgey, Indian Journalist, will speak on "Israel and the Asian Scene." Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, W.C.2 at 8 p.m. Mon., Nov. 2. Vis. 2s.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Nov. 5, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by Mr Robert Wangermee, Asst. Director of Music, Broadcasts of I.N.R.—Subject: "Tendances de la Musique Belge Contemporaine" (Gramophone Records). Free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, at 7 p.m., Nov. 3. M. Mitchell, "American Foreign Policy." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., Friday, Nov. 6. Mrs. M. Burnet, B.Sc., "The Problem Family."

CO-OPERATION Overseas. Mr. B. J. Surridge, Co-operative Adviser, Colonial Office, "Co-operation in the Far Eastern Colonies." Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1, November 3, 7.30 p.m. Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 1 Professor T. H. Pear, M.A., "Snobbery To-day." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ALFRED Robens, M.P., speaks at Onward Hall, Deansgate, Manchester, at 3 p.m., Saturday, Oct. 31. Admission 1s. 6d.

DEBATE: Socialist Party of Great Britain versus Crusade for World Government. "Should Socialists Support World Government?" Hackney Town Hall, Monday, November 2, 7.30 p.m. Admission Free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. November 7, at 6 p.m. Miss F. L. Josephy: "The Wandering Federalist."

WEST African Students' Union invites you to a discussion on Current Affairs. 5 p.m. Sun., Nov. 1, tea (6d.) 4 p.m. 13 Chelsea Embankment.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

RT. Hon. John Strachey, M.P., gives the second in the Fabian Autumn Lecture series Tues., Nov. 3, 7.15 p.m., at Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Tickets from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1, and at door.

BUDDHISM. Three lectures will be given by members of the Western Buddhist Order at Friends House, Euston Road. First lecture, "Buddhism in the West," commences at 7.30 p.m. on Friday, November 6. Enquiries to B M Sangha, W.C.1.

PROGRESSIVE League Autumn Conference: Nov. 13/15 at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts. "Since Freud—Modern Trends." Chairman: Dr. Otto Friedman. Lectures include "The Analyst's Contribution to Child Development" (Dr. Edna Balint), "The Dynamics of the Group" (Dr. Kraupl Taylor), "Mind and Body in the Reintegration of Personality" (Dr. D. E. Sands) and illustrative film. Applications with full fee (£2 17s. 6d.) to Miss L. Vincent, Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Conference on "The Arts and the People." Sat., Sun., Nov. 14-15 in Central London. P.c. to Mrs. D. Drain, 87 Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W.3, for details.

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